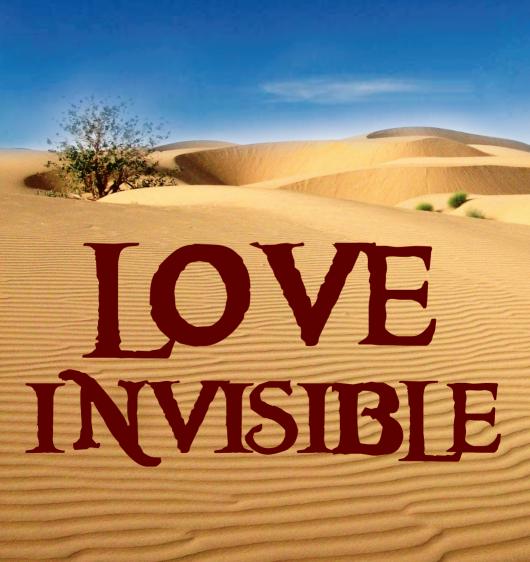
C.P. RAJASEKHARAN



Dedicated and submitted to all men & women of this world, for their peaceful union to enjoy sincere love, forever.

LOVE INVISIBLE

C.P. RAJASEKHARAN



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LOVE INVISIBLE (POEMS)

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C.P. RAJASEKHARAN

Born on September 9th 1947, in an Indian village, as the son of Purushothaman Nair & Parukutty Amma of Ernakulam district; and brought up by mother in an average living situation, as the father passed away at the age of two. Completed school education from the Govt. LP School, Nanthiattukunnam, Govt. High School, North Parur and SNV. Sanskrit High School. Then graduated from the Government Sanskrit College, and did the post graduation from the University College, Thiruvananthapuram of Kerala University. Later received an additional degree in Education from the Govt.Training College, Thrissur of Calicut University.

Associated with the Gandhian ideology and the Sarvodaya Movement of Gandhi Peace Foundation of Gandhi Smaraka Nidhi, Nanthiattukunnam and was elected as the leader of the children's group of Gandhi Mandiram, in the village, at the age of 13; and started participating in social activities from the very early age of child hood. Elected as the school leader, while studying in the 10th class of SNV Sanskrit High School.

Joined for the College education in Thiruvanthapuram Sanskrit College and started working with student union and elected as the magazine editor, arts club secretary, general secretary and chairman of the college union continuously in the college election of Govt. Sanskrit College, Thiruvananthapuram. This student life gave an opportunity to have active participation in the literary and social platforms of the student community, and attended student-teacher interactions with the authorities and educational institutions throughout the college life. Also elected as the president of the Youth wing of Gandhi Peace Foundation, Thiruvananthapuram while studying for post graduation, that gave space and time to work for the poor and needy at a young age itself.

Started the career as a teacher, in Kozhikode Sanskrit Vidya Peeth, Kallai Ganapath High School and Mavoor Rayon's High School, teaching Sanskrit language and literature, and Indian philosophy; And started public speaking on philosophy, aesthetics, and other social subjects, as an orator, all over the state. Joined All India Radio with a career in electronic media and worked for Radio & TV, in various capacities from the post of Program Announcer to the post of Director of Radio & TV, serving 35 years, covering almost all states of India, winning national and international reputation in scripting directing and producing Radio & TV programs.

Studied English literature, philosophy, and psychology, in the mean time, by own effort. Received an additional Post graduate diploma in psychological counseling from the Kerala university to support the Radio & TV counseling programs. Received diploma in Radio Drama from Germany and TV Direction and production from Pune Film Institute and attended Management Training from Bhubaneswar. India.

Conducting child, adult and family counseling, for the last 15 years, apart from the official assignments, working extra time, to uplift the mental faculty of the young people to get them motivated to bring them back to their normal life. Giving motivation therapy and psycho therapy, as a charitable free service, associating with hospitals and educational institutions and social organizations all over the State. One mobile phone is fully dedicated for public service and made accessible to all who need free help or advice or counseling of any sort. The very needy and poor who need personal help are treated and served at home, with the whole hearted cooperation and assistance of wife and children. Isolated girls and boys are rescued and rehabilitated, after allowing short stay at home, giving confidence to create their own living environment.

Staged the first play, at the age of five and started acting as a child artist in famous plays presented by the professional theatres of the state. Started writing scripts for amateur children's theatre groups at the young age itself, associating with various theatre groups in schools, colleges and in the local arts-clubs and started publishing stories and poems in school-college magazines and local publications. The whole college life was spent experimenting with plays in the open theatre forums, along with the professional actors and theatre activists of the State. Participating in the literary and social activities, apart from studies, proved himself as an all rounder, as a best student. The Sanskrit education tempted to get closer with world classics and the college education in Trivandrum was an opportunity to have association with reputed professors and famous writers, who inspired reading books of great writers of the literary world; it was from the college life, that the flavor of literature was noticed by the professors and was encouraged in that line.

The Radio profession, compelled to write and do productions with innovative ideas capturing the listeners' appreciation. Radio was the only entertaining media, then, reaching every home; and the first full-fledged, perfect play, 'The Oblation' (Homam) was broadcast in 1976, receiving much appreciation. Then followed the broadcast and publication of other creative works, poems, lyrics, stories musical

features, documentaries and plays, that became a part of the job. The creative writing was flourished by publishing articles, columns, poems, stories and plays in various newspapers from 1976 onwards. The first book, (Three Old Men) written as Radio Drama and got published in 1986, on the old-age agony, received the Literary Academy Award the important award of the State, and followed by other awards and reputation, as a well-established dramatist and poet.

Written around 300 lyrics, already broadcast from All India Radio Stations of Kerala & Madras, with the association of great film personalities, the prominent music directors such as Pukazhenthi, V. Dakshina Moorthi, MK Arjunan, Thrissur P. Radhakrishnan, MG Radhakrishnan, KP Udayabhanu, kavalam Sreekumar, Perumbavoor G Raveendra Nadh, A Anantha Padmanabhan, PK Kesavan namboothiri etc and sung by Yesudas, KS. Chithra, P Jayachandran, Lathika, Arundhathi, Radha P Viswanadh etc. Produced cassettes of songs by the music producers like HMV of India, that KS Chithra had added to her album, the songs done by Pukazhenthi. in 1988-89.

Written nearly 3000 articles, on various topics, re-acting to social problems arising in the news papers, concerned of daily events that happened in India with own comments and opinion on each event or incident to stop anarchy brutality and corruption in the state. Started writing columns from 1982 onwards for various news-papers, 3-4 articles in a week, apart from the major contribution of Plays, stories and poetry.

Presently associated with MG University, Kerala University, Calicut University Indira Gandhi National Open University and Malayalam University as the, External Examiner, member of the board of studies, visiting professor etc. and taking demonstration lectures in various universities of India.

Publication Manager Virgo Publications

CP's MAIN BOOKS

Love Invisible	(Collection of poems)	41 Poems
The Mischievous Mind	(Collection of poems)	26 Poems
Moonnu Vayasanmar	(Three Old Men)	Stage Play
Sthree Enna Sthree	(Woman, the Woman)	Stage Play
Doctor Vishramikkunnu	(Doctor is Relaxing)	Stage Play
Prathimakal Vilkkanundu	(Idols for Sale)	Stage Play
Arutharuthu	(No, Should not)	Stage Play
Yathrayile Yathra	(journey through Journey) Stage Play	
YakshaGanam	(Song of the Arial)	Stage Play
Gandhi Marichukondirikkunnu	(Gandhi is Passing Away)	Ten Plays
Soliloquy	(Soliloquy)	Six Plays
Jeevitham Sukham	(Life is Happy)	Three Plays
Namukkoru Natakam Kaliykam	(Let us Play a Drama)	Theatre Study
Manjakkiliyum Mannathikkiliyum	(Yellow Bird & sparrows)	Children's Play
Parama Thanthram	(Supreme Technique)	Children's Play
Amritha Kathakal	(Immortal Stories)	Children's Story
KA Kodungallur	(Monogram on KA)	Biography
Veekshanangal Vichinthanangal	(Views & Visions)	Criticism
Nokkum Vakkum	(Looks & Talks)	Counselling
Homam	(Oblation)	Radio Play
Chantha	(Market)	Radio Play
Vikala Swapnangal	(Absurd Dreams)	Radio Play
Kummatty	(Folk Dance)	Radio Play
Manomy	(Adaptation)	Radio Play
Yajnam	(Adaptation)	Radio Play
Aanappaka	(Adaptation)	Radio Play
Kallyani	(Adaptation)	Radio Play

LITERARY, RADIO & TV AWARDS

(Arrogance)	TV PLAY			
(Family Fulfillments)	MUSICAL FEATURE			
(Painful Pleasure)	MUSICAL FEATURE			
(Tolerance)	DOCUMENTARY			
(Speed of the Mind)	DOCUMENTARY			
(Sound for silence)	DOCUMENTARY			
(With Love)	RADIO COUNSELLING			
(First Drop of Water)	PUBLIC SERVICE			
(Good Morning)	NATIONAL INTEGRATION			
ard for the best Malayal	am play,			
Three old men (Moonnu Vayasanmar) published in 1984				
Best Literary Awar	d of the State 1987			
Kerala Sangeetha Nataka Academy Award				
For the total theatre contribution				
Best Broadcasting	Award of the State 1991			
Best TV Award of t	he State 1992			
Best Musical feature, Harmony of Family Life				
National Award	1994			
ance)				
	(Family Fulfillments) (Painful Pleasure) (Tolerance) (Speed of the Mind) (Sound for silence) (With Love) (First Drop of Water) (Good Morning) Pard for the best Malayal asanmar) published in 19 Best Literary Awar addemy Award Aution Best Broadcasting Best TV Award of the part of Family Life National Award			

National Award 1995

Best family & health Program (on Prevention of HIV)

National Award 1998

Best National Integration Program (Harmony in Diversity)

National Award 2004

Awaas Award Bombay (TV Documentary on UROOB)

National Award 2005

BES Awards (Best Public Service Broadcaster of India)

National Award 2005 & 2006

International Radio Festival Nomination For the Radio Play, IRIB, IRAN

International Acceptance of Indian Play 2007

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Thank God, you gave me opportunities to have long travels all over my state and other countries, to meet with different type of men and their culture. I am privileged to get in touch with the faster evolution happened in the technology, especially in the electronic media- the Radio & TV, that made me closer to this universe. I could understand the phenomenal changes occurring in all the living beings including men. It made easy for me to study the animal life and plant life, as well as our human life, and found the plants and animals are beyond their pride and prejudice, with no revenge and hatred, and there is no prediction, fantasy, nor any artificial thinking for them. They, the plants and animals live, very truthfully, to this nature, believing and obeying the nature's rules so strictly, declaring that all we are mere individuals in this world and all we should know the truth, 'the fittest will survive.

I am following the plants and animals to note how they became the fittest and strongest, that they follow the philosophy of the nature not to be a slave to the environment and the circumstance, but to overcome the obstacles by doing hard work, by tolerating and waiting for a favorable time to keep away the scarcity- period, finding own way, to be happy and alive. And I am very keen to understand, when and where a man fails in achieving or obtaining, what he has to record in his life, and make a note of that, it should not affect me or anyone else. Am ready to listen anything from anybody, if it serves a purpose to up-lift at least one man or woman from their falling.

Let me see everything here in this world, as a source of realization of the universal truth of love and sanctity that always happens naturally beyond our imagination and expectations. It is the supreme truth, that makes me think, feel and behave according to the emotion that predominates within me from time to time; and so I submit myself to this world as a small particle of this universe, a small ray of the cosmic energy that pervades everywhere.

The content of these 41 poems is the essence of my observations, understandings and talks, I have been giving and taking all over my State, for the last 40 years, as a student, teacher, a family man, a citizen of my nation and as an orator. I tried my level best to get my listeners and students convinced, about the reality of their life in this world, with a positive perception. These thoughts, I have written in a very

simple English so as to make any non-language man, understand what I meant. I haven't used any hard knots of poetic expressions or symbols, but my thoughts are made open with free verses in simple English; and sincerely I wish that every one may realize, what I meant to say. Yes, I believe, understanding others and their behavior, as per the relative understanding of things, will complement this world and I would like to be a small part of this nature, purely to complement and not at all to contradict the true existence of this universe, as it is...

Sometimes our mind is clear, transparent and strong, but sometimes, it is fickle and naughty, and sometimes it is malicious or harmful to us that we may feel many things that we should not have felt, and sometimes we don't ever feel what we should have felt, as others do in the same circumstances. The position of right and wrong may vary and most of the mistakes, we feel and do, are because of the monkey-play, the changing phenomena of the mind, and nobody is exempted, from these childish deeds, on any basis of their power or position. Human mind, in general, is having such jumps and runs, applicable to all, just like that of children participating in their plays, forgetting themselves, as they are fully involved in their play. Yes, life is a play, full of comedy of errors and the tragedy of fun that one can think and laugh to himself. As stated by Shakespeare, I fully agree, the human life is a full-length drama, with conflicts and contradictions that may affect any one at any time; and here I am trying to portray the dramatic consequences that may fall into an ordinary human mind, especially in the name of love.

Yes love, everything is for love, and everything starts and ends on the basis of love, on account of love, and on the expectation of love. Love for a man or for a woman, love for money and wealth to cumulate and add, love for travel, love to conquer, love to save oneself and love to save others, love to fight and win. Love for peace and love for the real love. All war in the world is on love and all our war is for love. We create war for peace and we fight against war for peace. The contrast, but it's love, either for peace or war, that exists, sustains and keeps on living with every individual, visible and invisible. Love can be made visible, but the real essence of love can be enjoyed, when it is invisible, fully filled within our mind, not seen to others as a fragrant breeze that binds us in our solitude, even in crowd.

I am thankful to one and all, known and unknown to me, being in the net work of this vast solar system, giving and taking energy and light, for the mutual benefit and for the fruitful coexistence here in this world. I am thankful to all, if any one there, who misunderstood and neglected me for no fault of mine and I love all who rejected and ridiculed me mercilessly, without considering my merits and virtues. I am thankful to the unquestionable orders of this universe and the perennial force, the supreme power of truth, for me, it has no name nor form, but spreading everywhere, as the rain sprinkles all over the plants, trees, lakes, rivers and deserts, alike, irrespective of their aspirations. I believe, the supreme truth will never be late to present by itself in the very necessary moment, to save the truth of everyone and everything.

I am thankful to Prof Savithri Sahasranamam and Miss K Ambika for their careful reading and editorial service to rearrange these poems in a beautiful casket like this.

And am thankful to my wife and children for keeping me always in peace and solitude to fill my heart with this vivacity of the nature, in whole.

With love and regards

C.P. RAJASEKHARAN

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THE BOOK OF LOVE

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AN E-Mail TO MY WIFE, FROM PARADISE

No doubt, am in paradise, my dear, Although, you used to say, 'go to hell' On your angry mood over my girl friends there. 'Up-on God! and up on God', I repeated many times to convince you That my friends, they are; and not partners. And you trust them not, but God, for Him, Knows the fact, you are my wife;

You are the only wife for whom, I saved and gave away All my assets and savings, and my friends, They got nothing, but my soothing words, Compassion and love, as they loved me, Soothed, shared my jokes, pain and pleasure, In return, I made them happy, in leisure, With the same jokes, they played on me... And that is why; I am here in heaven, my dear.

I kept no debt, no gratitude,
Nor any bills unpaid, there in my life,
With you and others,
Serving with a smile at least, for all
That appeared, seeking my help or friendship,
Or love, doing what so ever help, I could.
That's why, I am in heaven, instead of hell
As you uttered always, disbelieving me and my faith.

My lies that I made, not to harm you,
But to cope up the situation, and to keep you in peace,
Not to be informed the mischief that I did...
A million thousand times
My lips sounded praying for your good,
'Upon God and upon God, 'whatever I did' was for peace
And not for war with any one,
Nor for any selfish purpose of mine.

C.P. Rajasekharan

And my lies on small things,
Just to save you from the brim of war,
With me or with someone else;
And God sent me to heaven,
Here to remind the same,
Upon God and upon God, I should pledge,
I will act, only for the good of others.
With no intension to make money, nor for any selfish motive.

Recall your last kiss, you made on my corpse, with no tears, Not with any request, nor any pressure
Or force from my side; the first kiss, I ever received,
So open, but not with any demand,
And without pushing me back,
You stamped your will, for the first time.
That was not hot, wet and cold
With no feelings of any sort, but I loved it.

The remembrances of my first kiss,
That I did, first in my life, in the college corridor,
In a hurry, with fear, and you pushed me back,
Before starting the vibrator of our love-tones,
And numbed my heart inside, so abrupt in fear;
Yes, still I remember it, that no one can forget,
As I saved it well, in my memory card;
My first experience of love, happened all of a sudden.

Your pretty, beautiful shape of your teenage,
Still alive, in my album, the single soul, I never shared to anyone,
The bashfully bowed and smiling face,
With sandal smell, forty years back, in my mind,
You, in a mini skirt and bell-blouse,
The fashion of that time for junior girls,
In the first level of our college life.
Well recorded and kept alive in my heart forever.

And it was you, after class-hours,
Passing through the corridor, alone, on my way,
Vow! the first fire of emotion,
Inflamed in me, within seconds,

Stimulating with a reflex action
To catch, embrace and kiss you,
As if I was switched on
With some force of electric power, I recall.

And you pushed me back and ran away,
Making me an idol of stone, with flames inside,
Unable to move for a while.
That is with me, forever, not quenched,
And getting afresh, the same old feeling
Whenever I see you, even in my dreams,
And the same you did, on and off,
In our bed room, even after we wed.

Not knowing the thrust of love and lust,
That flushed and flooded, within me,
That was unknown to you then;
You treated it, as something barred on being chaste;
And how long I waited and what tactics I played,
To make you come closer, and share our body,
That should have been with us forever,
For enjoying the same old fire of lust, I realize now.

But your last kiss, not abrupt nor in fear,
Not knowing the heat in you, nor could I hear myself,
But enjoyed, with no springs in my body, as dead;
And am, hopeful again to start loving you
For the second term, with my soul and your body.
The micro-unit of my past existence in your world,
That shows everything concerned of you,
In your space, you think of me every day.

I feel your finger-touch, browsing your site,
With the same old password, 'yours lovingly'
In my micro chip, gifted by God with his usual smile
And with an earthly shake-hand.
Oh my sweet heart, I realize,
How I loved you and how you loved me,
For our own sake, not bargaining, but
Weeping and working to achieve the needful.

C.P. Rajasekharan

Quarrelled, scolding and fighting for other's sake, With no cause of ours.
We acted living, signing the earthly bonds, Catching and throwing,
The more we received, the more we spent,
For the well being of our kids
For whom no saturation point was taught,
Where to start and when and how to end it...

Yes my dear, I know, you were not greedy, But doubtful, on my trust and love That may be shared, and given all over the world, On any body's claims, as liberal as I am; And you hate to possess that of others, I know, And you possessed me, as yours; Not to share with any one, The good old idea of a loyal and traditional wife.

But for me, I am shared to all those who love me
And make acclaim to possess me, at least for the time being,
Being a man of the public, for their cause,
With no word of mine, but not taking
Anything from your share, and just sharing myself,
Bit by bit to one and all for those
who at least acted loving me,
Once in a while, that too for them.

You often argued and proved, I am cheated,
Quoting evidences of, friends and lovers,
Those who benefitted by my broadness
And ignored me later, on their own cause;
But I kept silent, as I loved them, just for loving,
And giving what they really wanted,
Expecting nothing in return. as love, the truth of love, am sure,
Never be cheated, as one can continue to love.

Yes, I continued, even the other end, felt, Negative or inactive, and even if against my ideas Or with a response of rejection or removal, Or they ridicule, with no cause to be revealed. Yes, my dear, true, you came first, and you hold on My possession, full, that no one knows, nor did I allow them, To cut and share our wedding knots, so tight; For, none else, I gifted a child, sharing my heart for a kid.

I see our daughters there, in your world, Playing with their kids with cartoon-shows, The 'one act plays' of shades and lights, And they laugh, as if in fairy tales; Am happy my dear, they love their kids As I did it to my kids, and you too loved them as well That should happen, as we taught them the same. To love and be loved, that may continue forever.

What else, can we do on earth?
The same old cliché, bringing up the young ones,
And blooming the world afresh,
As animals and plants do to circle and encircle
Ourselves in the life-circle, to be fulfilled...
The long cherished will of God, to create,
Protect and make it sustain for the next genera, for their use
Annihilating and re-cycling, the unwanted and out-dated.

Recall what I told you, on my death bed,
'You should live, and live on, more happily, than ever
To show me, your living, even without me,
With no change of mood, nor any ill-feel with anything.'
And you have to save and secure our kids
Who may keep us in their heart, with what we gave
And slowly to wash off our lights and shades
On the spotlights of their kids, as they grow.

But, now you weep, I see it in my screen,
Through your web-cam,
That you forgot to switch off, after seeing me
And your sobs, the remembrances of the past,
Made me feel, of coming there and wiping your tears,
As I could no longer see you weep...
Am keeping well, my dear, no doubt,
As you heard, it is paradise with all comforts.

C.P. Rajasekharan

And the damsels here serve me better,
To save your concern over me,
Oh, sorry, your face turns dark again,
Listening on damsels, that you may hate.
They are servants, my dear, just servants,
To act upon our demands, that I know;
You too trusted your servants, but could never bear
My compassion and love, towards them.

You never liked my leniency even on servants,
As you were so possessive, believe me, I am kind;
Kind to all, boy or girl, master or servant that kindness flows...
And am not naughty nor crazy now,
To dance with a damsel, as in our clubs.
Now I know, you loved me that much,
Neither to spare me nor to send me off from your space;
But, am destined to leave you, my dear, no alternatives.

Keeping you alone, at least for a while, just to remind My absence, and to feel a small gap For adding more flavours to our deep love, That may never be put out, nor be cooled down Either by the whole waters of a flooded sea Or by any forest-fire, that catch everywhere, Leaving the meadow of dedicated, divine love, That may exist somewhere, within our heart.

See, it is heaven, but dirty corners are there,
With someone, dirty by birth, taught no hygiene,
Eating, washing and sleeping in the same place,
With no cleanses at home, in their life and after death as well.
And I saw the hell, my dear,
Peeping through the key-hole of my door,
Very next to my quarters, not far off.
But so close to my back yard.

See, someone sleeps in peace, with her spade and axe, Not knowing the shouts and screams And the horrified torturing-scenes of the hell, After her hard work, that she made a garden Using the drainage waste of hell Dumped purposely in her kitchen, To trouble her, but she cleaned the whole And used the waste to bloom blossoms there.

I recalled you at once, as you did all sorts of work, at home, Cleaning and cooking, feeding the kids
And hospitality to our friends, with smile always
Toiled yourself with no ill-feel; treated the guests with honour
And love, wherever you were, not waiting for the servants,
Or in-laws to fulfil the house-holds;
And you never appeared in public, as a social worker,
For that part, I did truthfully to all, you know,

I am convinced, as you said,
It is we who create hell and heaven
As easy as to convert hell to heaven and heaven to hell,
We proved, with our nodes and notions,
Plans and passions and the will and wish...
To bloom and blossom along with others,
The grass or weed, lily or rose, no difference, we will grow,
Letting others be with us to grow and bloom.

And am sure, you will never be in hell,
As God knows, you will change it into heaven,
For him, heaven and hell, both should exist,
Just to find who would convert, each other
Using or misusing our wisdom.
Hi why do you laugh at me? I am changed,
Not the old stuff, the lazy and idle,
As you mocked me for not helping you in kitchen.

That I knew not, the kitchen-holds,
As I had been working, with pen and paper,
Working hard for the well being of the whole world
By writing and speaking the need of cognizing
The universal truth, love and tolerance,
That pervades omnipresent in our globe;
Guided and controlled by our Lord,
The supreme bliss, that you must know.

C.P. Rajasekharan

Our Lord, who made us think 'this and that'
And who made us, as ourselves, as we are.
Guided me to work, work hard,
As I was lazy, I admit, with your house-holds,
As you were there to look after, and that too corrected,
Turning my mind towards irrigating
The nature, around our house,
To keep it useful and peaceful for our survival.

And I could see various species of life, different and distinct, There in our earth, so vast and wonderful And now am here in heaven, working hard, To coordinate and compliment The co existence, as a helper, To our Lord, the master-computer, With no pride and prejudice, as I had, Due to my ignorance, in my living time, there.

OK, leave it, the past is past,
And the bygones are bygones;
Let us share our hell or heaven, with a romance,
Starting our love, again on a second term
With no bargains, no arguments, no betting and debates,
Nor claiming the credentials of egos and complexes;
Kiss me dear, once again and let our men see it,
To declare, we are still in love.

THE RAIN

The two clouds, that love and been loved Hugged, embraced, and kissed with their lips, Tightly closed one another; Melting and boiling each other in their emotional heat, Not to talk their feelings And to keep the flow of feel, unsurpassed.

Emotions, covered underneath the breath, forever, Shading the face with face, each other, Shedding the tears of joy, one to the other The silver drops, the budding sweat-dews, Shoot out from the forehead of the lover And loved one, the tranquillity and spontaneity of love.

The sweat-drops, trickling down
To the navel cavity of the ethnic body
That makes the earth, breathe so fast and faster
To reach the orgasm,
The bliss, of blossoms of the dawn,
As bloomed, one by one.

The heart was getting filled, with sweet honey, Drop by drop, with a numbness pain, That their minds were fluttering, Petal to petal with soft murmurs, 'Who would say first and who would sign The deeds of love,' so fast and fair.

The western cloud, embraced that of the east And they mated with each other, With the urge of a seasoned call; The dam was broken, thundered down the floods, Breaking all the morale, that resists with no hurdles But touching so soft, the 'feel of Love'.

It flowed, on and on, rained and rained, That saves me from the final break..!

C.P. Rajasekharan

Not knowing, the lust or love, yielding me to thee Rain inside, rain outside and rain everywhere That made me chilled and twinkled In every inch of me, within my body and heart, as well.

Got thrilled each leaf of every plant of the earth And the seeds, patiently waiting Underneath the soil, praying, so keen, For the first drop of monsoon touch, To wake up from its long penance Under the global warm, so hard to bear.

Kindled with a new bud, coming out
To generate the whole species by itself
And add to the greenery of the natural life, on and on,
To fulfil and get fulfilled the nature's booms,
As blossoms bloomed again to boon
The bosoms of the girl, virgin, the nature.

THE LOVE, INVISIBLE

Stage - 1

No leaf of any tree moves, nor have a sound of anything, But thee, the air, near me with no commotion, The formless and colourless, the 'essential element' of life, Sitting around my hopes, as a silent witness, Covering my soft and tender thoughts with a blanket of love, Without touching thee, I love you, my beloved, For kissing every inch of me, in and out, unseen, Fragrant and fascinating, soothing & warm, thy breath.

Involved & enjoyed on an imaginary beauty of a girl, Like thee, whom I never met nor touched, but loved, Indulging fully on my boyhood-dreams, something secret, An undeclared love to thee, my airy girl, Binding all around me, invisible, to compare and separate Thy shapeless shape and colourless colours to draw thee, As lenient along my breath, not speaking anything to anyone, Getting in and coming out, guarding the life of me and thee.

Thou my breath, my life, hiding even your natural hissing sound, Living around in disguise, with no words, no verbal expression, Stretching your cool hands, to close my eyes from behind, To play 'the hide and seek', gazing and smiling, Touching and not-touching heart to heart, painting invisible, Magical colours and feelings, visible to me alone, Embracing close, hand in hand and face to face, as I can't live Without having sensed thy monologues, heart to heart

Stage - 2

Exciting to remember my lone, loving teen-age days, My imaginary girl, now I feel thy soft touch, Warm, silent and loving, thou moving around me now, Noticeable to all as wind, making everything move, The leaves, creepers, plants and trees, all they see you And make note of your presence, near me my breeze,

No more I can keep this secret-love, as thou nascent, Moving others and fan my heated mind, I feel you within.

Touching thy shawl-ends, sitting so close, warming, Cooling and caring, regardless of likes and dislikes, Thou, being the unseen love, fully filled within And creeping all over me, making me a multicoloured balloon, Filled with thee, my breath, giving a shape and form To see your rhythmic dance, as I pat you up & down, For me to play on my own imagination, following you In amusement-parks, river-banks and lake-shores.

Thou cooled my heated thoughtful-nights and warmed my cool And dozing day-dreams, living always with me
As breeze and wind along the lakes and rivers, hills and valleys,
Wherever I am awake or asleep, thou served
Day and night, conditioned thy nature, for a lone nomad like me,
In search of love, moving & make moving
The whole world, energizing me, singing a tune, you composed
In bass-tone of lower pitch, setting thy dance.

Stage - 3

Gearing up your aggressive tour to my mind, heating, Shuffling & stirring my whole-inside making me A love-hit man, not knowing anything concerned, But thy lusty waves of love, you stormed, Booming strong, Uprooting all other faculties of my mind, at once. My thoughts and commitments, by thy forceful love, within, As thunders, lightning and rain together in my heart, That no way I can keep me away from thy wild embrace now.

The crazy sea-waves raised their eyebrows against thy love,
The heavy stormed getting me fall on you,
Feeling myself passive to enjoy your hard embrace,
Dissolved in thy expressive dance, you act, perplexed,
Overwhelmed my brain not to have any more tie-ups
With other girls, but you, you alone my love;
As you know, love is love, seen or unseen, colourful and comely,
As one beholds it, in different dimensions of beauty.

Thy black hair-locks, like the ebb and flow of the sea, Waving and curving up & down, in your dancing mood, And your face, the rose-red sky, in its evening sun-set, With black lines of clouds and rain-bows all around, Like your eyes and eye-brows in between thy red colored cheeks And thy womanish lush & beauty, that attracts everyone; Oh, girl of nature, thy force of love shook the whole world, Turning the life-line of all forecasts in my mission.

I realize thy changing moods and thoughts of love, Recreating yourself as air, breeze, wind and storm, Cooling and heating my mind to tune you, Visualizing thy cause and effect of love, blending you and me, The inseparables, mutually surrendered, taking thy breath, As mine and my breath as yours, embracing hard our carnal love And sleep, after our robust lust, to wake me up again With thy breeze, without which I can't live, my love.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Hi, Those days, not gone, still within me, Full of love, my mad love-scenes, with fantasies, And fallacies of colourful days, we paved through Narrow, secluded streets, shady meadows, gardens, And coffee-club cabins, with you in deep love; Looking eyes to eyes, with less words and gestures.

Not knowing the time, days and months, we passed Loving and loved, accepting, concerns of both, With no orders or claims

Nor any exclamations, and queries in between.

We loved, and loved every inch of us,

As we dissolved into that love-song, so deep.

A melody, we sung so sweet and nice Heard from our own soul, but felt, Far from heaven, keeping us still and silent Listening the unheard melody, a sweeter-song, Plunging into the sea of love, Hand in hand, We paved our way, to bottom, down That was far from our own shore, we saw.

Not so close, nor too tied up with But free from bonds and bondage. I loved you, that you knew; And you loved me, that I realised, That's all, we acquired and saved, As a fixed deposit in the bank of love, our life.

How we spent the day and night, Waiting the postman, every day late, As there were no E-mails, on those days. Nor a missed-call, and sms, to play with, A Pager or Mobile phone, then Passing a reminder from you and me. But I was there in your soul
And you were within me, every minute, you know,
Talking with our voice-mail, unheard,
And the postman, he was our 'love tone' then,
And the vibrator; our hearts, that vibrated, as we liked.
And how desperate, we were, if no letter, any day!?

No letter we received some times, in those days And how we spent our whole day and night, Reading the same letter, that we received last, Word by word, and line by line, in our day-dream, full. Let us continue as love-birds, my dear, With no claims or credits from both, as in our love-hit days.

No more debates, for arguments-sake, Just let us love for love, as we rowed In deep sea of love with no water Not being taken away by the tides and waves, The ups and downs of married life, That occurred, some-how, in our thoughts also.

The ties and bonds of married life,
Could not, but a strangled knot, I feel it now.
Oh strange, now, you desire liberation,
That too you never told me, directly,
But from the reports on your public speech;
Let us break the dam, up-hills, if you feel it badly, tell..

And let our feelings flow, faster, Whether to irrigate, or to destroy me Let us sit and discuss please, The facts as facts, you may submit please; As we were doing in the coffee-house. And let us sit with a coffee or beer, as you like.

Let us have an open talk, Sorting out to finish your issues, Instead of going to the seminar halls, Speaking against all the husbands, here; For they, not done any harm to you; But me, you may target me alone, my wife.

Sorry to ask a small question, Where to liberate you ladies, say Where you, do want to go further, As you are keeping away from you; Liberate oneself, is the only way, But, not easy to liberate someone with force.

Never I ignored nor sent you out, But getting away from home, is different one, As long as, you can manage as you like. Freedom, for a man or woman, is getting free, Not sanctioned or offered by others, But to be attained, by one's own mind.

Use own power of thoughts, The mental strength; Instead of making cries and shouts, That no way helps to be liberated As man and woman, the two entities, Getting tied by wedding knots.

Untying this knot, not so easy, If once, it tied with love and life; Not to tight it, to be entangled, With that much bonds and bondage, Friendship, blood-ship, whatever may, painful no doubt, cutting it with verbal fights.

Of course, our women need no fight, Nor they suffer any loss in that But they need to be saved here and there From their husband's office-rules The odds and orders, that never suit For a peaceful family life.

Better get a possessive road, Than allowing to trespass, paths If you don't feel concerned of, Tell me, what is wrong, I did for that. Agree, you need, special, love and care To get you safe, on a secured life

Keeping apart our ill-feels and irritations; And let us keep a little peace in mind. With no war, nor any bombardments, In our concept of married life.. A bird in your nest, may make happy, Can be happier, if it walks around us,

Eating from our hands, letting it Feel always free by itself, As we state the rule of roads, 'Drive free, keeping left and right, Letting our neighbour, go by right; Am sorry, if I spoke, so high.

These are the general, social thoughts, Not affecting you or me; Tell me, if I stand anywhere wrong, On your way, that I would change To look after our kids, so little birds, And let us have their trust on us

Am afraid of our kids too much, Conscious in our daily deeds, As they listening, television slots on family courts; They ask me, what harm I have done so much To make you violent in this way, And to hate all these men in this world.

You speak, whatever you want, In our bed room please, not to make our Kids listening, see, one boy and one girl for us, They may also split their thoughts, To part them just as boy and girl, In two different poles, as you talk.

And they too would start quarrelling once As a mere man and woman,

C.P. Rajasekharan

Apart from this blood relations, That we induce, inculcate and get indulged. Remember, I have prevented you Going out at odd times, only for your safety.

You avoided, advices of any sort As you could never take it in good spirit. Liberation does not mean departure, my dear, Mounting up tension for both sides. Make your mind free, and agree with the agreeable And you may disagree, if it's to be.

Let us discuss once again, And try to live as lovers in different homes Keeping all the limitations and freedom of lovers, Once again; keeping mum, I will listen to you As I was doing, years back, in pubs, When you loved me most, as I loved you.

Again, for the sake of our children, Please do come and join together; As am worried on the reports On child abuse, in news-papers, Mostly from the liberated house, With no mother to guide and lead.

Our girls, will have their teenage fantasies, Their dreams and arguments, that do not match, If there is no mother, to live with them, As their guide and friend, we could do; That I request, make your conscience, as a mamma And please do come and join the family.

THE FORBIDDEN RIVERBANK

Cried and begged the river-side folks, And I heard their sobs, that sounds their thirst, The dry throats, so depressed and hard! 'Rain, you rain,' everyone sang, 'Rain your big drops so sweet, to cool our hearts; Add more and more your honey, Fill our bosom, my rainy rain With your mercy-drops, and you kiss me, love.'

The chanting of their hearts,
The rhymes of rainy-songs, so old,
Invoking the God of clouds,
Appealing for rain on summer days
That reached the sky, the far-off dream world,
Above the plants and trees, near the banks.
And tempted by the touching soft sober words,
The clouds, got stimulated and wet;

Their breasts become brownish-black, so fast, And the nipples zoomed forward To shoot the show, of lactose-love, starting to milk The milky-way, in a graceful mood, Sprinkling its merciful holy water, As if from an altar, chanting the chants, And dripping the drop so cold, To baptize the child, in a hissing sound,

The rain dropped by itself,
Stretching down the cooling hands
Blessing and naming, the earthly beings,
The shoots and buds, the flowery world.
The rain, poured down all over, the rainy rain,
Flushing and filling the whole lands and hearts;
And the rivers, danced and jumped in a joyful toast,
Filling their heart with the silver drops of dreams.

Sprinkling the soul of heavenly drops, so cool By a shower, afresh, spraying the fragrance From paradise so far, flowing the flows so fast In a glass-wear costume of transparent-stitch; For, our rivers, they sang a song, in dancing mood With a high pitch tune of songs, on their playful race, The naughty boys and girls, in joyful mood, Hand in hand, a rejoicing trend of an evening walk.

Reached there, my daughters and me, Chatting and walking in sportive mood, Dancing and bathing in an open-air-spray, Wetting and running over these water- flows Energized, within the wet clothes, heat inside Stamped our foot-steps, so deep in watered sand, Footing over the foot-print, a seasoned call; Running and falling one over other, the soil-race.

Winding and mounting the vigour so fast
With growing shouts and screams aloud
That my girls made their laughter, so high;
Straining myself behind the children, to run
With no prize, for me to claim, as they are in front
Their feet, I noticed, growing day by day,
And frame by frame than that of mine,
Reaching playfully bigger than myself of course.

The foot-print of the younger, Grown bigger, than that of the elder; And the elder's like that of mine, under the tracks Playing and pacing, so mild, one after other, Ran over the sand-marks, younger over the elder, Ran and won, by and large, ran over, mine, Laughing with joy, over my shades, faded and faded Vague on the shore, not to regain the marks.

The river gone mad, so strong and sharp Flushing and pushing, damaging the edge and hedge, Flowing here and there, with no steering nor break; Waving and roaring, high up to the clouds, Uproot the plants and trees, both sides of the waves, Laughing at them, regardless of their heredity And hierarchy of merit and credit, one by one; The giggling sounds grown too rough and raged, so hot.

Reached the uproars, above the clouds, So hard, the waves, rolled and mixed with mud To reshape the transparent, crystal-clear water, Into black-brownish foams, made so angry, Shouting with a roar, and thunder, with no concern. 'Enough, enough, Mr. Cloud, you, dirty witch, Stop your bloody waters and keep distance, Not to spit it upon our face, barked the waves.

Seemed the thankless waves blaming the clouds,
The very source of their energy and water.
The sky felt ashamed of such rash remarks,
Getting its colour, paled and faded the brownish face;
The air got stuck and thundered, still and silent
With no feel of its own, to produce a witness of its toil,
So hard, that pushed the west winds to make the clouds,
Pressing and milking down the lactose of its breast.

The clouds, that filled the river, deep and wide, Become sad, thought of its hard work, brought down Its shoots to make such a super-show of arrogance. And at last a mischievous wave, ran over the foot-prints, Within no time, to make it unseen, with no marks of mine. "Papa, yours is small ... smaller, smallest and lost now." We admired the waves, wiping out the foot-prints, One by one, along with my name written on the shore.

Our laughter, dissolved with the roar of the river, With no lag of time, leaving no sign of separation, From rain and river, and our thoughts on foot-marks We made, along with the fantasy of colour change, The river had happened, by grabbing and mixing The clear water in to mud; mocking me to myself, With the mixed passions of the old and new, stopped Running, in a thoughtful mood, so pensive in my gloom.

It gets thinner and thinner, the rainfall and my breath, Paled, and zigzagged, the slow pace of the wind, Exhausted and weak, with no force to blow by itself; And, slowly, the rain stopped shooting its arrows, Unnoticed, by the river's pride and prejudice, Shown proudly on its full-fledged form and shape And we went back home, so late, by the sun-set, Wetting our clothes, thanking neither the rain nor the river.

The clouds mated and separated time and again,
Starting and ending each session of the season;
Not thanking nor regretting anything and anyone,
The time passed; and so the rivers, as well,
Cumulating and spending, the nature's breath,
Giving and taking, and giving and taking, again and again.
The never-ending process of love and lust
Falling in and out, leaving and rejoining, at its own cost.

The world rotates on the same axis, clock-wise, Visualizing the changes, that occurs and wipes, From the new to old and the old to new, That changed the whole scenario of world at last.. 'Yes changed, changed everything now, The time and place; and we too grew and became old, Passing the time so fast, the elder reminded the younger, The good old days, they paved over the past.

'Not seen the affluent river, nor the foot-path,
We walked over our childhood-days with Dad
'No water, not even wet, each pebble and soil weeps,
No humidity even on the hot air, still and silent;
No ups and downs, nor a little flow, in the narrow stream
No giggling sounds of the silver spray, that keeps mute,
With a weak face of water, seemed dirty, in its death bed,
A narrow, curved shade, of a river, that was here in the past.

It was so strong, rich and comely, in the good old days, Flowing like a pretty girl, capturing the eyes of her lovers, Sitting close to her breath, the tender breeze, we loved. 'Once, it was so beautiful,' the younger said, Looking into the soil-bank' and exclaimed, 'everything gone! It was full and flooded with waters, tender and transparent. 'Yes, once'; the elder smiled sarcastically, 'but now, hot-hot! What fate! no rain, no rain, toppled down things.'

She cursed the weather, looking on the kids,
That smiled, hanging on the fingers of their young dad,
So smart in his attire, and so cool, with no expression.
Looking far away, the younger said, 'we had been here,
With our father, your grandpa, on rainy days,
With no umbrella, but on the colour and fancy,
Dancing and running, all over the banks
Enjoying the shower and beauty of nature, unto sun set.

And she paused for a few second's silence, Then the elder talked, sober and soft, in her sad tone, 'Cremated somewhere here, our Dad In these banks, But, not known, where the exact spot, we can't find. The small kids chuckled and smiled. As, both mothers, kept silent for a while; Faded the sun light, all of a sudden, With not even a sigh of air; in the deep silence.

"Oh my God! the sun is about to set", both the husbands, Gazed at their wrist-watch and turned back to their wives, With no ears to the kid's demands, to wait and see the sunset; 'No..no; no time to wait that much, the 'Air France' is at Nine, That never waits for any one; all flights, keep time, now-a-days' Caught hold the tender hands, the father turned back, Unnoticed the mind of the small kids, longing some more time To be there, with the remembrances of the past, retold by Mom.

The younger kid, imagined playing on rain, hand in hand, With his Grand-pa, running in water, and the elder one, Searched the old foot prints, somewhere there, In that bushy soil hills, that was no more there...but a word, "Grandpa"!, that was vague and silent in their mind, Running and jumping and dancing in rain, holding their hands, A man, their grandpa in a flash-back scene of a film-shot, As if in a dream, they smiled and went back...

A DAUGHTER & MOTHER

Dear mamma, I hear your heart-throbs
That crashed with mine and aches me reflecting
Your old face, so gloomy, paled with agony and pain
In your rose-red eyes with tears, as I left with Mr. Johns,
My lover, not listening to you, arrogant and prejudiced;
Twenty years back, and now my eyes, filled with your tears
That you tried to hide once, as police came home,
On my phone, to free from your motherly constraints,
Declaring myself matured to take decisions,
I recall, without knowing the meaning of freedom, then.

Yes mamma, Mr. Johns, my lover, left me within six months, As you foretold, and later realized, I was in the illusion of Lust and love which I couldn't differentiate, Lacking common-sense to think, and then..

Then I was thrown to the streets after that, As he got another girl, more fair, wealthy and smart To accomplish his love for lust that I couldn't justify His flirting life, not knowing the bitter experience with men, That you told me, but not listened by the teen-age fantasy, Like other girls, roaming with boys, oh! how will I tell you, Mom!

My life in streets and railway platforms, with guys,
One after the other, the evening clubs, spending nights
On renewed expectations and dreams, and realized the facts,
Very late, in vain, not sleeping, but prayed and wept,
Brooding over your words, not reached over my ears,
Closed by the waves of emotions; nor could I come back,
Even when tortured, thrown down and fallen into ditches,
Among the wicked boys of my age, the gangsters in gutter,
Dragging my body and soul together up and down
In the worst whirlpool of the deep sea of vast life.

A rich man, aged and kind, saved me, at last, From the streets and gutters, after two years, True to you, that may be because of your prayers, you paid, That I felt secured again and he loved me and married me At St. Johns church, near our old home, expecting you For your prayers there, in vain, but prayed a lot Keeping you alive, in my daily prayers. and he gave this child, His gift, before wondering me with his vanishing magic, Why I know not as usual, .not making me nervous, Determined to live for my child, doing odd jobs for a bread.

Toiled hard to make both ends meet, somehow,
Following your advices, recalling my childhood days
The only happy times of my life, I keep cherished, with thanks;
And slowly I started knowing your pain and pleasure,
The embarrassments and excitements of a mother
The agony and fulfilments, the tensions of your sleepless nights,
To make me sleep, I perceived and experienced,
While my kid crying and crying, the whole night with no means,
That I could do nothing but weep all the time restlessly,
Fanning and soothing the child to sleep.

I was shocked, recalling your fear about me, as my child Started pacing step by step, and fell,
That broke my heart into pieces, realizing your anxiety,
While waiting and waiting for my daughter's school-cab
That got delayed, and I ran over the roads blindly to see her;
And I measured her growth, inch by inch every day,
As you were doing with a scale on the wall, dedicated my tastes
To win over hers, preparing and giving sweet food, as she digests
And cut short my expenses to make her live happily
And lavishly, as you brought me up, mamma.

Now she grew, grew beyond my vista, eighteen years passed, And me a serious mother, thinking differently, than a daughter And convinced the right and wrong of life, as you said once; She started coming home, late, with a boyfriend of her age, Mostly cutting the class for films and chit-chats, Without caring me, that I never approved, getting me mad, Mad on my protest', she cursed, scolded and scared me, Remarking me, envious, the same word, I told you once Due to my ignorance, unbearable, the reciprocation of the same; And I ruled out her attempt to call the police, wisely;

C.P. Rajasekharan

I allowed them to go, hand in hand, not to repeat the old scene That was within me even now, as a thorn in my throat; Mr. Philip, her lover, with a laughter of challenge, deepening My depression and pain, but I prayed, as we mothers do, Prayed and prayed on, for her safety and welfare, that No daughter would realize, until she becomes a mother, Am convinced, what you said then; that wets my vague words, Covered by clouds of tears, by the heat of breast milk, that melts The butter of love, the motherly passions, that forces me to Reach you faster, to live as mother and daughter, once again...

AM NOT SEXY

Her lips bloomed, opened with a reserved smile, Reminding me of a sexy look;
With her jackets, so opened, half of the way,
Pushing out her bosoms by itself,
Between the narrow curve,
Gazing into the world, so moving
To arrest the lover's eyes,
As if, a gypsy-girl in love,
Peeping at her lover at the next doorstep,
Moving aside the scarf, sitting beside the window.

My eyes, with its greed, hunger and thirst, Loitering here and there, In search of sexual fantasies on sexy girls Found her, alone, in the platform-light, Glimmering, to the emotional body of mine, The mortal truth, for the time being, Seemed to be a sex bomb, that may explode And reduce me into ashes, started blazing; Along with the gleaming smile, in the dim-light; Aloof, no one near-by, she is in search, I felt.

Moving with shades and shadows,
A feminine flesh, exposed, with her sexy-form,.
Made me heated inside,
Mounting up the emotions, so high,
Thinking and feeling sex inputs,
The hard core emotions filled in my body.
The imaginary gay and fulfilment,
The realm of a performed pleasure, inside,
Not knowing the thoughts and feelings,
What is in her, within, the soul, she seeks.

Nor knowing what, that moved her this way, In such an odd hour, different and distinct, Unconcerned that of mine, That goes to every man's mind, sauced with sex.

C.P. Rajasekharan

Dressed well, with attractive gestures, For me to think, better, for my emotions, Grown on to my brain, That vibrates the sexual instincts, That can be quenched by no means, Other than a flesh to flesh concern.

We may relate each other, with a colour and fragrance; The hot taste filled with thrills, and inflamed, That my body needs to put out The heat of lust inside, so boiled. She smiled again, a familiar look, As if known for a long while, That encouraged my instinct, to call her, Imitating the same smile, in distance; And she followed me, on my node, Like a call-girl, to my home, not shy or coy.

She sat with me, close to my chair,
Watching the old clock in my room, so shabby,
Hanging on the wall, a silent witness,
That stopped its pendulum to move, for a while.
And she stuck herself to that chair
Not moving side to side, like that of the dead clock,
Nailed, still and silent in my room.
And with no time lag, for me there,
To catch hold, hug and kiss her with my emotion,
That inflamed in me to the highest level of fire.

Storm and thunder, inside , that may explode together Locking my ears throat and eyes...
I hissed, in her ear, 'love you, 'with my dry throat, With no clear syllable, nor expression, Mad, by myself out of sense and sensibility;
Not listening even the ambient sounds, nearby.
Never I knew her sentiments, likes or dislikes,
Nor did I know what exactly happens to me,
But just I pressed her hard, to me, in vain,
As she has shrunk herself, within my arms.

She smiled, willy-nilly, with a pale expression
That I never viewed, so far, from such a woman,
Neither resisting nor applying any force,
Against my words and action, the mere sounds,
With no blood and flesh, I murmured,
Only with the fired excitement, with no meaning.
And I hugged and kissed her again and again,
As am doing on inanimate objects, with no reaction,
The foolish attempt of activating a dead cell,
My ignorance, on sex, to get it extinguished.

And she shrunk, to herself, like a pet bird,
As calm as she could, and whispered,
'Am not sexy nor am a call-girl, as if to herself,
In a dead voice, with no life
Nor passion for sex, in a pleading tone
That didn't reach my ears,
As I was at my blind excitement,
The big blunders of men, with their thoughts
On women and sex,
That never fulfils, with body or flesh, with no soul.

But, for her, the gender and sex,
No difference at present,
Just a male and female identity of the nature
That may adorn a male to female
And a female to male,
The conscious duty of its behaviour,
That the gender usually performs,
Searching always what exists with others,
Than what we hold within ourselves,
Not knowing the little difference, she owns.

Any emotion, if we feel, that exists in every cell, And it never exists in any cell, if we don't feel As the human cell, being the memory, Surrounded by matter, Or matter, surrounded by the memory, And all cells, alike, that consists The thoughts and deeds all over the body,

C.P. Rajasekharan

As far as the faculty of mind, That works in every cell, as it desires; And keep numbed and still, if no feeling, we have.

But the mind, that never activates in multitude, Altogether for more than one impulse Nor will concentrate simultaneously On more than one feel, at a time, with any sense, Or sensation, other than that it works with; Not to overlap, any feel, nor to confuse by itself One above the other, at a time. The body of a man or woman, Out of feeling and emotion, is nothing but a corpse That can't stimulate any sense or sensibility.

'Am not sexy and feel nothing, that of a man, at present And listen, what I want, that may please be bestowed,' She spoke to make me listen; 'All my cells stuck and stopped, out of my mind, Not following what you want sir, nor do I know, What I really want, at my wits end.
Am back from my husband's death bed, In the city hospital, and was late, Missing the last train to reach home, far off; There, my children weep, not knowing their father dead.'

My hands dropped, as a sudden reflex,
Down from her body, as if touched the 'untouched'.
That became cooled and frozen,
All of a sudden with her words and looks
That pricked inside me in silence,
With a heavy beat by myself,
Thumbing my heart so fast,
And beating my sense, that was mad;
Getting my body cooler to shrink me,
Into the normal size, at once.

I realized sex, as a fantasy, Built up and brought up, within me, by myself; Not knowing the concern of others. The reality of sex is just like a cracker,
To fire and explode, to rejoice at short.
Firing with emotion, we imagine happiness,
Before the explosion of crackers,
On Festive Eves, to make it crack;
And the joy ends, if exploded once,
Or the cracker gets wet, fail to blaze any more.

'Am sorry,' she murmured,
'Couldn't see your eyes, as mine was full of tears,
And the frost, that covered us
From the railway light, barred me
Seeing what was in your mind,
And I felt, you looked better, to depend
Than sitting alone, there in the station,
In that dark and chilled platform silence.'
Covering my pale face, ashamed of myself
I tried to smile up on her, with no light, in my face.

Softly I touched her soft shoulder,
With a soothing and sharing feel
That no words could express,
How myself, dissolved into another feel,
The transition of a real touch of compassion.
And, at once, I moved towards my car,
With no word, she followed, not seen either's face
That was in disguise, downward;
Starting the car, I whispered, softly to her,
'Am sorry, will drop you at home,'

Opened the back door of the car, silently,
And she sat like an idol, with in the seat-belt,
I heard her breath, loudly, as she sobbed,
Above the starting-sound of the car,
Her heart-throbs, faster and faster...
Reached her destination,
After one hour driving, in silence;
She pointed a street-light to stop the car there;
'Five minute's walk' she murmured,
And we walked, with no talks, through the street-light.

C.P. Rajasekharan

Her eyes, red and wet with tears,
And more beautified than it was
Not seen anything, that sort of sexy-flesh,
But a charming angel, an embodiment of mercy,
That I had been keeping with me, always.
Switching on the front light, she pressed the calling bell,
A farm house, with broken walls, rusty door opened,
And appeared the children, with their sleepy eyes,
'How is papa? 'the elder asked; 'no more', she cried,
And flushed out her eyes, breaking the dam of, tears

'He was loving and caring,' mixed up her words and sobs Along with the cries of the kids,
Reverberating the love of a man, saved,
For his wife and children, I felt,
Apart from the sexual instincts;
'Had I been a man, just a man,
With the flavour of something, that adorns me
As a brother or father, lover or dear one,
As they received me so far,
And I took them, not as they are, but conceived, as I am.

The present strategy of my mind,
That transforms and transacts
On account of the place and time,
That a man concerns, as he is,
And I feel ashamed of thinking me,
As any other man, with hunger for sex.
It is midnight, my brain gets free by itself evicting
The unwanted thoughts and deeds
Prevailing the sound of silence, in gloom
The only choking sound of the grasshopper and frogs.

And with no words could I express,
What to do then with me, being a stranger,
That no identity revealed so far, nor did I feel
Any identity of myself, to offer anything as an aid.
I looked up and down, with no eyes on her,
That she guessed, and murmured, 'thanks!'
Her voice broke the silence within me,
'I know, it's time for you to leave, leave me alone,

Am alone, as he was bed-ridden for years, And let me continue to be alone, letting grow my kids.

She turned back; looking at me once,
The children stopped weeping
And withdrew themselves with their Mom,
Pushing the door inward,
Holding and leaning on her shoulders;
They left me alone, in the chilled silence,
With no choice, but leave;
The light went off with a noise
That the door is getting latched inside;
Slowly I walked towards the road.

Saw my car covered fully by frost
And I waited silently there, near the car,
To wash off the frost from my driving force,
And sat in the car, with no thoughts and feels
That freezes within the urge of sex, already slept.
Lowering the glass-door of my car
I allowed fresh air, to creep in,
Cleaning the frost, and I started the car,
Reversed, and turned to my road,
Listening to the sound of silence, that I heard far off.

THE AMBULANCE

Me, the dead metal, with no life, A mechanical device, you may think, Moving on a key and steering, in the hands of a driver; And keep on sleeping, as he sleeps, or as he keeps me Closed and locked somewhere, with no sense or sensation, That I never showed in any situation, of my own potential.

Keeping a difference from other luxury four-wheelers, In my speed and tone, creating a deadly image by myself, Am booked only to hospitals and symmetries, running fast, Giving and holding strange, sad and horrified moods, The scenes of irony of homely-drama, for me and others, The tragedy of fun and the comedy of errors, at home.

Am not called on any enjoyable trips on tour
To refresh with friends and relatives as a vacation trip
For the sightseeing of lovers, cousins and colleagues,
Adventurous trips of youngsters, eating, drinking,
Enjoying the uproar of energizing party-meets and clubs;
But not worried, for not having any such entertainment.

Am happy, making all my trips, enjoyable, by myself, With much fun inside, from the inmates of my cab, The relatives and friends of the injured or dead, nearby; And my driver too plays a role in this Drama, covering His cunning intentions, behind such sad expressions Towards the man, dead or lying unconscious, in the van.

Unlike other taxi-men, my driver never spoke roughly, As the customers used to give whatever he claims, Even if it's far more than, he actually deserves, As a last payment, made on behalf of the injured, Or the dead, mostly it may happen, as per their fate, As, living relatives of the dead, pay the bills, with a sigh. And my driver behaves sorrowful silence, and mourns, Participating in the general feeling of the relatives Showing sympathy and empathy, covering his happiness With excess money, that he would blindly spend later On drinks, laughing out his tricks with fellow drivers, Playing cards, in the same cab, after the cremation.

I know well of him, his greed and aggressive nature, That comes out as if he vomits everything in words, Widening his mouth to reveal the untold truths, over drink, After unloading the destined in the hospitals or cemeteries; That I can't but laugh and enjoy, the tricks he played, To grab money, like a drunkard of a stage-play, comic show.

See, am faster, more than that I can run, clearing the road With a 'special horn', the screaming sound, to threaten out Other vehicles and men on road, giving a wrong feel of, Diseased or injured inside me, that may not be correct, As I may come back from hospitals or cemetery, sometimes, Alone, with my driver, finishing his duty of the day.

Crazy of driving fast with the same horn,
My driver enjoyed, frightening others on road
Like a VVIP, passing high-way, on time-bound programs,
Using the usual privilege of mine, care and considerations
Given to me by others on road, framing a monstrous face,
A vehicle of casualty, death or accidents, so dreadful;

Am free always, getting positive nodes from traffic police, Unnoticed my corrupt and illicit trafficking and smuggling, Not permitted within me, but he drives me, for his benefit With double speed to cover the truth by making horrible, And continuous horns, as if someone, critically injured, On death- bed, inside me, to cheat the public on road

No one stops me, then and there, thinking my speed, As an emergent one, seemed to be to the hospitals, Closing my eyes against truth, beating the public trust, For, my driver, to reach a nearest Hotel to drink Or to his girlfriend's cottage, to show a bit of love-scene, Locking me on his hand-break, for his relief and joy.

Now I am relaxed, unloading this corpse, from hospital, To his own home, the last resort, the dead-one vacated, Days back to be in hospital, a last attempt, to live more; Being a big-business-magnet, wife in America, sons in UK, And the daughters in Australia, with their husbands, Well-built and well off, but none to care, at present.

Cosy bungalow with lots of luxuries, rich and beautiful; And a girl of twenty, the paid-home-nurse, to serve him; My wise driver, left me here with the corpse, and gone home, To save the petrol, for the next day morning, to the cemetery. The home-nurse, young and beautiful, living with the destined, For her happiness and safety, keeps on talking over phone.

She decides what to do and when; running here and there, To attend the visitors, with a phone in her right hand, That continues to vibrate with love-tones, sometimes. 'Wife started from America, and would reach next morning. Sons, not coming from London; and the daughters, engaged With their kids' exams, very busy of their own schedules',

That is all what she knows to be informed to anyone, Over phone, or reaching here to throw a look on the corpse, Acting in a sad and tragic family-story, as 'extras' and dupes. The visitors, old and retired, seemed to be immortal, Talking philosophy and politics, connecting life and death, That no one can predict nor control their fate by themselves..

Someone cursed the wife and children of the deceased, For not attending him properly, in his life-time; 'Fate, what else can we say; nothing he takes, he saved, Just moving with no money or savings', someone uttered, With no added comments, but joining the talks and talkers, Quoting great things and events, connecting the deceased.

The visitors, very busy, on their own evening schedules, Some, on the way back home from office, some others, Running on evening shift, marking attendance at both ends, Some, on their way to the shopping malls with their ladies, Someone, deviating the path of their evening walk, for outing; Others, on their heal to reach home, for cooking their dinner.

And naturally, they left one by one, on their own course After throwing a look at the dead-body, nothing more to do Or attend further, than smiling with the so-called relatives, Remained there, accommodating themselves in their seats As their rights; to show off the presence, and support, Showing their efforts to stay on, a dedication to the dead man,

No sooner did the visitors left, the sun too disappeared Behind the curtain, like his relatives, slipped into the rooms Available in the ground-floor, for their safe-stay in the night, Waiting to receive the lady from abroad, next morning; To show their concrete presence, at home, to impress her; And the home-nurse, served everyone, not knowing who is who.

Courageous and practical, but not superstitious,
The home-nurse, covered the daily events of life as usual,
With no orders, queries, interrogations or fear from any side;
Attended the relatives of the corpse, with food and drinks,
Beds and pillows to sleep as they like, for their happiness.
And gone to the first floor, her suit, getting relieved from work.

Me, the mechanical device, listened the bathing sound, That the home-nurse, seemed to me naked, from her humming, Enjoying the shower to wash off the man and his death-scenes; And later, after few minutes, I saw her fresh-face in the balcony With her phone that vibrates, with a love-tone, a lusty film song And she started speaking softly with love and regards, so close.

And I saw her, kissing the phone and reached down
The front parlour, to greet her paramour, waiting behind me,
Slowly and carefully, she made him entered, and slipped in,
Unnoticed by the corpse or his relatives, sleeping in ground floor,
Minding not the dead, nor the slept ones, all out of sense,
Reached the first floor, embracing and kissing, hand in hand.

I was not eager to see what happens in the first floor, With the home-nurse and her lover, as I saw such scenes, Within my cabin, as my driver takes girls, on short drive, Around the hospital in their romantic moods and passions, To share their feelings, apart from daily work, in hospital. Well before the dim-light of dusk, that may fall on earth,

The home-nurse and her paramour came out, hours after, Kissing deep, embracing hard and hesitating to depart; And not caring the dead nor the visitors, sleeping in dark, Slowly paving their way, hiding himself, using me as his veil, To pass through the gate; and she gone up again to complete Her slumber, broken in love-scenes of her romantic dance.

Lighting up the dawn, slowly the sun appeared, seemed late, The funeral to take place, as his wife's flight is getting delayed; Late everything, in Indian standard time, as usual, and so, The dear and near of the dead, slowly, reached one by one Seated themselves in front row, as show-case things, to show off. Sad expressions, acting agony and painful silence of an elegy.

Each one showed his presence, well before the arrival of wife. Introducing and getting acknowledged, by the home nurse, As she never saw them, even once, in the life-time of the dead. The mobile phone vibrated and she responded, loudly, As if, not hearing the other side; and ran back to the inner room, For a keen listening, away from the talks of the visitors, in front;

And within no time, she returned, announcing, the flight, 'Madam landed, reach shortly, for the funeral', she smiled And ran to her suite, avoiding more queries and explanations, As her phone continues to vibrate with her love-tone, again; May be her paramour, thanking her performance, last night; And the visitors, roughly, murmured against her arrogance.

A car reached fast and stopped beside me, the ambulance, Locked in silence, the symbol of a dead-home, with no life; A stout lady, with majestic steps got down, with a smile, And shook hands with one and all, gathered around her, With silent, sad expressions, expecting her to burst out, Shedding tears and cries, that she never did, but smiled,

Narrating the risks in flight journey, she joined the visitors And sooner she started talking, they enjoyed her intimacy, Shown, equally to the known and unknown. wiping out Their sad and tiresome long waiting faces, getting afresh, Removing the painted glooms from their face, she dislikes, The rural death scenes, seen in films, with cries and sobs.

People began to talk in favour of her moods and modalities, Praising foreign culture to understand life and death, as it is. After long shake-hands and inter-actions with the visitors, She just threw a glance on the corpse, lying on the floor, Stopped a while, looked, sighed deeply, and paved back, Catching the hands of the home-nurse, towards her room.

Following the instructions, given through the home-nurse The neighbours started working on the last rituals for a man, By chanting Vedic Hymns, to send the soul of the dead, Safely to heaven or hell, where it should be, no one knows, But the road should be made safe and clear, we believe, The rituals and hymns, may clean the path, reaching heaven.

My driver too got alerted himself to meet the honourable lady To settle his final claims on behalf of me, the dead vehicle, Kept aside near the corpse, yesterday and today, with no use; I couldn't but laugh myself, as he is to claim special allowance, For the over-night-stay of ambulance, he kept cunningly there, Instead of his house, as no allowance for parking at home.

Finally, the rituals ended, and the home-nurse, gone inside Once again, to call madam to see off the dead, The last visual of a husband to his dear wife, The silent parting message, posting to the other world For a repeated reading, at his ease; she came, covering head With a scarf for a last homage, over the chants, with no tears.

Everything over, for the dead, and the body was taken By the residence association-members, to the ambulance; The usual care-takers of such events, where the sons or heirs Fail to reach for their last-rite of lifting the corpse to the van, To proceed to the grave, the fate, after the death of a father Or mother, here with sons and daughters, happily living abroad.

My driver, with his greedy eyes, reached near the lady Looking up and down to explore her generosity, with no time, The American Lady guessed, what he meant. with a node to the Home-nurse to make his payments, finishing the deal with me, As I am needed no more, and I couldn't hide my laughter within, As the payment was done, even without looking at his face.

Three men in a car came fast and stopped in front gate, And reached near the corpse; may be some relatives, I thought; They hailed her, minding not the corpse, she saluted back; For my surprise, our broker -friend, came down from the car With a cunning smile, that shocked my driver, not knowing, The deed, within their friendship, as business is business.

'Sorry, we thought, the rituals would be over', before they Add more casual words, she smiled, "that's ok; thank you, For coming in time, before the body is taken to the grave, As this home, he vacates just now"; and I am free to sell it; So, let him see, if he can open his eyes, at least now, Realizing, 'none can keep hold of any ownership; forever."

No one talked, she continued, as a friend and philosopher, "Better give away happily, what you own, keeping regards, Rather waiting for your end, letting others, the legal heirs, Take out, as they have right to claim as theirs, with no thanks". None of them, nor me, the metal, guessed, what she meant Or what they come for; and she raised her face and declared,

"My children opt to sell this home, as they won't Come back and let me finish the deal in your presence, Before he goes out, finishing his term, fully utilizing it, As he wished, even without me and my children, parting Himself from our trust, we were in need to sell this, once, For my children to grow, far away, working for our bread;

But never allowed us to sell, that we couldn't digest, then; 'No home should be deserted,' reasoning his stay here, May be for his sufferings, he left us, to be here with A home nurse and her paramour, visiting here, every night, Giving toxic and sleeping pills in his last days, for his fate, A slow, natural death, killing himself and his orders, he had"

Everybody was stuck and thundered to listen Such words from a wife of the deceased, immediately After the dead-body is taken to the ambulance, But she, thoughtfully planned and prepared To fly back, received papers from them, in haste And made a fast reading to sign it, in a hurry.

The home-nurse, started weeping, on her words And the lady soothed her, 'you needn't return the loans, You took earlier, when he trusted you, he had mailed me The whole accounts and all your deeds, that I give up; What you and your paramour, the abettor did, he knew, Cheating him with slow-poison, but realized later, too late'.

'And now, your contract is over;' told her at a stretch; The home-nurse went in, hiding her face, weeping and sobbing; The lady ordered my driver to move, and he geared me up; All the audience, stunned silent and shocked, within me; And she raised her voice, to all, 'please come back, After burial, for a lunch-meet, arranged here after.

My driver started me pulling forward with the first gear And accelerated me, faster, as I could see nothing on road; But the home-nurse crept into my mind with her lover, Living together in a luxurious bungalow of their dreams, Keeping its owner uncared, on slow process of passive death, As the lady narrated, on regular feeding of sleeping pills...

No one knows the Supreme decision of survival and falling Uprooting oneself, out of fake planning and false dreams Flooded from the imaginations, and expectations That may flow off within seconds, along with their abodes, Letting me to continue, running fast through the odd roads, To the grave, strange and alive for ever, beyond the road-rules.

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THE CATS & RATS

Vow! two cats coming home,
With a threat to the rats, the poor beings,
Hiding themselves under the waste, garbage's
And rags or in small holes and ditches,
Pipes and cylinders, kept unused and uncared,
Living peacefully there with their kids,
Breeding and reproducing in large number,
As and when they feel free to stay on
With no insult to anyone, if not troubled;
That we can tolerate and love them

Eating whatever they get from kitchen,
Store, or from the shelves and cup-boards,
Kept opened, not knowing the facts of life,
The philosophy of ownership of 'property,
Fruits, roots, or grains, or the small lumps of food,
Land, gold, money or power, or even
Men and women, wife and husband,
With no proper management and maintenance;
And available at other's reach, for their taste and digestion
Will, naturally, be taken over by someone, if left uncared

'How much the rats eat, comparing to the food,
We waste daily, in our chatting and self-boosting
Lunch-shows & dinner meets, avoiding these
Poor creatures not to share at least the waste',
Caring not my philosophy and animal love,
They forced me to bring a cat to kill the rats
That I have to agree, with no compromise.
Kittens, I recalled my boyhood, slept on my chest at night,
Very mild, loving animal, rubbing its tail with intimacy,
Loving, playfully moving around, thanking my loaf of bread,

That's how I started loving animals and birds, petting them, Caring not the protest of my parents then; Prepared myself to catch a cat and bring home, For the happiness of my family, welcoming it, With applauds and laughter's at home; Being a miser, burdened with limited resource And unlimited needs, unlike my joyful, childhood, With no responsibilities, but calculated the expense-hike To be spent on fish and meat for the cats, With the value of grains, the rat may eat, if kept unlocked.

Am shocked, thinking the cost of fish and meat,
For the cats, a deed of loss, indeed,
In such a cost of living in price-hikes;
But my wife, impractical in money matters,
Argued in favour of children,
Along with a news-piece on rat-fever,
Spreading threats in rural living,
That appeared in Television-channels,
Shown as public notice, with visuals of patients in hospitals,
With rat fever, that may cause dangerous consequences.

And at last, after many discussions and arguments The two small kittens reached my home, One, white with grey spots, the female And grey with white spots, the male With the help of a broker, for him too, I paid, As he explained the quality and qualifications of its Father, mother and of the whole race and cult, The Indian cats have, as brokers used to do In all their business, with cunning tricks of Exaggerations, and boosting for their benefit.

Immediately my wife commented her expertise In 'cat-science' and declared, 'am sure its mother is white And father is grey, like us in our family', All laughed loudly, seemed sarcastic; And me, the grey-black, couldn't enjoy that comment Due to my own inferior colour - complex, within me, Even after marriage, for the last many years The small cats, anyhow, become a topic of happiness to all, Except me, as I did not reveal it to others, for fear of Losing my control of sympathy over animals and plants.

My false prestige and the family budgets, i thought Rising as well, with the cats & kids at home, That we can't ignore the' limited source And the unlimited needs' to make happy, The family life; keeping the interest of all; Children ran with the cats in joyful relay-race, For a week or two and the cats become part of our daily life. 'They began to play, eat and sleep with children, More or less, adding mutton, fish and milk Of the family budget, in the name of cats.

Getting the cats so homely, as we could manage, Chuckled my wife, as I have already Surrendered, on her demands; as always; Cats grown so fat and strong, eating the bread And milk, of our children's share, That they play with their food items, To view their cats, on competition to eat, Beyond the menu of its own non vegetarian meals, Waiting and watching their growth, Naming them 'Pussy' and 'Kissy', that everybody liked.

Pussy, the white with grey spots
And Kissy, the grey with white spots,
Jumping and running mewing along with the children
Shouting in playful mood,
That sounded everywhere, with their loud naming noise,
'Pussy-call 'and 'Kissy-call 'always at home,
'Pussy, come here; Kissy go there', teaching obedience,
Happily playing and running with them,
After the school-hours, a daily routine
And we, the grown-ups also enjoyed the scenes, so much.

My wife repeated her claims, being beauty conscious, 'Am sure, the father is grey and mother is white And that's why the female is white and male is grey With the explanations of the identity of both cats, As that of you and me and our kids' And she gazed at me, for my reaction, But I kept Mum, hiding my black-complex within me, For myself, as I used to think of my Dad

For copying him, as me, thankfully Keeping the memories of love, than his colour.

Naturally we forgot the rats,
Thinking and thanking our cats,
Mewing and moving all around the house always,
As a threat to the rats, we felt, and encouraged the cats,
Ignoring the growing expense of house-holds,
As we too started adding fish and meet,
In our daily food, to give its waste to the cats,
Along with milk and bread, that my wife and kids,
Automatically shifted their menu, From Vegetarian
To non vegetarian for the sake of the pets at home.

And we slowly started ignoring the grains, roots,
Fruits and other food-items, we procured
And preserved in our shelves, cup-boards and stores,
Kept opened with no proper doors and shutters,
As no rat appeared at day-times
And now a days, we felt very happy with no rat fear
And slept peacefully at night,
Thanks to the arrival of cats, with a feeling of safety
For all of us from the rats, that was there everywhere once,
Even in bed rooms, kitchen and dinning room.

Later I noticed the sounds of little mice
And kittens at night, in my reading room,
Next to my bed, that was locked by my wife
For fear of children, tearing and misplacing the books,
For them, the toys, mere paper-balls,
To throw and catch, the valuable books as toys,
But for me, but abstained myself away from reading,
Getting bored of meaningless texts of revolutions of the past,
In vain started reading philosophy of positive thoughts,
To bear my wife's, bad cooking, following television show

Opened the door of my reading room, With a cane to kill the rats; and shocked to see The rats and mice playing with kittens, As my cats fell asleep on the torn paper-beds, The spoiled big books, biography of Carl Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Das Capital, torn and thrown, Gnawed, damaged and scattered, Near the book-shelf, down with Nasty smell of animal dung, all over the room, Stained, But delivered pretty kids on the paper-beds.

The cats woke up from their sleep, mewing around me, And the rats dashed back to the narrow Curves of the bookshelves, followed by the kittens, Playing together on the spoiled books, Revealing the futility of war Between Class and Creeds, once again To wash my muddy head, filled with the old, bloody Revolutionary thoughts; I stepped back, And withdrew myself a little from the room, Keeping the half closed door at hand.

I called my wife and children to see it
And they peeped through the half door,
For their surprise, to see the rats & cats, playing around
My 'World Classics', arranged in the other rack.
The cane slipped from my hand and fell down
With a small sound and viewed my cats
Patting, kissing and licking the small mice,
As their own kids, and the rats raised their heads
To check the sound and went on playing,
As they smelt nothing dangerous.

Jumping over the shoulders of Pussy and Kissy,
Snoring in sleep, embracing the mice, to Show me
The reality of cats and rats,
Not foes, but friends, we realized, the rage and revenge,
A fake story of political humbugs,
An absurd drama, born and brought up only in men's mind.
All the books in my library, those were not spoiled,
I checked eagerly, thank God,
The books of love, books of life and the books of peace
Remained safe un disturbed by the cats and rats

The snakes and rats, Living safe in the same cage; Kites and chicks in the same ground,

With no fight to kill anyone, if fed otherwise
To quench their hunger, the animal instinct;
As my rats, the born Vegetarian have its grains
In our shelves and my cats, fed well with its
Non Vegetarian food, the fish and meat, so that
They can play more happily, laughing at our greed,
On saving for our tomorrow, than living today,
Knowing not the uncertainty of, mortal life.

THE CHILD

Am a girl of twenty, not remembering what happened, As am kidnapped and taken away from my family, At the age of two, by some looters, killing my Mom and Dad, For money, on their way from Mumbai to Kolkata.

Fate! A wealthy girl, by birth, becomes a beggar girl, All of a sudden, toppling down things, she had in the past Start suffering damnation, torment and torturing, at five, The innocent age, with no fault of hers, or her parents.

Looters took me, the weeping child, to their hut, After plundering money and gold from my parents, Near a Railway station, that I remember, worse than hell, In stories, I have read later, with men, horribly strange.

Looting, snatching and pick-pocketing, as in stories of Charles Dickens, they lived robbing other's wealth And burned my legs, to use me as a beggar-girl at street, With no other option other than obeying those brutes.

Why you create a human-child, oh Lord, so helpless, Not to move from place to place, nor to think what to do; See the calves and cubs, self-standing, just following the Mother- animal, within minutes after birth, starting life.

Taught by itself to live according to the ambience, Loving whom to love and fighting whom to fight with. Not afraid, attempting force, on its trial, facing enemies And start roaring back to threaten them and exist.

The forest life, we blame, using the words, savage and cruel, Projecting ourselves as the finest specimen of culture And civilization, the wrong notion on man's savagery, In the so-called modern world, with no knowledge of a man.

Man, the most cruel being in this world, kills, eats, And copulates, even raping small kids subduing them Projecting greatness in our talk-shows, and seminars; But behave worse than, animals do, with no softness.

Human-birth, the best attainment for a creature, we say, Is incorrect, as we fall in between the devil and deep sea, Either, be drowned or be killed by the calamities, unknown, Being threatened and neglected by our own creed.

Disturbed with teachings and morals of obedience, The child is compelled to obey, weeping in protest Not knowing, my Lord, why an innocent child, is abused, Unlike other kids of animals, less cruel and wicked.

Children, the helpless and powerless, not knowing How to resist or protest keeping away from pain and fear, And how to escape and run away, tell me my Lord, How should I empower the children to save themselves?

What sin a small child would do within four or five years Or even at the age of ten, without being tempted, Either from you or other crooked and wicked, thy tools, Doing all sins, beating a child to suffer so much.

Not killed so far, bearing all sorts of pangs, compelled To be a prostitute, pick-pocketing men, coming to me, As taught by the looters, now become pregnant, tell me, Lord, how to save my child, or may please be aborted!

THE ROAD AT MIDNIGHT

It's midnight, with no vehicle, no man on road And it's this road, I like, the clear and clean path Blocked by none, thrown open and transparent With no trouble, no traffic and no accidents.

No shops opened either side, no selling and buying No shouts or uproars, showing off no procession, No demands; no rushing cars and noisy trucks, No red-light, no one to prevent or warn the border

I walked silently, to see the dead face of the road, More sounding with no sounds and more lively than living; No music outside, but I can hear the tune of its soul, The road sings, that sounds the song of its peace.

Stopped all sorts of transactions, selling and buying, Closed all relations, visitors, meetings and assignments, Bolting my lips, ears and eyes from all sounds and visuals, But not closing the windows and doors of my mind,

Mu soul, fully thrown open to the solitude of the road, At mid-night, the broad wide road, no one to impede Me from any kind of thought, opening my inner eyes, I saw the other species started crossing the road, safely

The rabbits and weasels, the frogs and rats, peacefully Run through the road, the millipedes ant centipedes too With no fear of men, Oh my God, I thought of men, so cruel, For, these poor beings, afraid of men, living in ditches.

Feel free on road at midnight, as they were waiting, patiently, To get the lights switched off, as not afraid of lights, but men, As there is enough moon light that they like for their search, Unlike men, not seeing the essential scenes, even at day-light.

The road began to talk to me, at mid night, Relaxed and peacefully sleeping with no blood-stains, No accidents, no hurley- burley procession of revenge; Nor the smile-artifice, hiding the motives of life-sellers.

Along with beggars and the homeless, the road too sleeps With no fear of theft, no fear of chastity and pride, to lose, In the name of charity, welfare, freedom and love, but sleeps In peace, after raped and killed, but with a smile, as she served.

THE TEARS

Tears, the salt of soul, overflow between life and death, Recalling sweet memories and dreams of the past Flushing out from eyes, cleaning dejection and depression After rejoicing fulfilment of battles and hazards as well.

Let me recall the good old childhood days, I wept and wept, For no reason, I know, but saw my Mom weeps, flowing Tears, but trying to cover it, not to be noticed, but I saw, As she was weeping every night, with tears uncontrolled.

I never wept for toys, nor for any loss of anything, As I lost nothing, that I had nothing to lose, then. I played with no toys, but with soil and stones, pots And wood-pieces of any sort, available in our front yard.

I never gone to anybody's house to see them, playing with toys As our boys and girls do now, playing with costly things. So I felt no revenge, nothing unhappy, nor any sort of Wants and needs, as I was not aware, what to ask and why.

We, boys and girls of my age played in our front yard, drawing Lines and columns in the soil for jumping and running in the Limited time and space, that was taught even in games, not to Go beyond, to be saved from running and scoring fouls.

I was free, I remember, not controlled, as other kids, From any of my deeds, playing, bathing, eating, or for Interrupting, nor for doing anything, beyond my limits Even in giving and taking things with my sister, the elder.

Tears, the uncontrolled flow of emotion, can't be Wiped out or hidden to suppress and suffer oneself; That we like to see the reddish eyes, fully filled with Tears of joy, that inevitably flow from our love.

Yes, my Mom was beautiful, more beautiful, When she weeps, and when trying to hide it from me, With her scarf or pillow-cover; and she smiles, not Transferring her sorrows to my mind, that I could read.

Tears of success, tears of failure, and tears of Helplessness, that differ, the situation and its flow But they catch and capture attention of all, than a smile, That may win the whole world, sometimes, but not sustains.

I simply sat brooding over my Mom's feelings and thoughts That she never revealed, until I got matured and grown To understand things, as it is, in its own level of meaning, Tried wiping her tears, with my hands, and she burst out.

Wiping the tears by someone dear and near is different, We feel soothed and solaced by the intimacy and love., As someone is there with us, we feel, to support and help, Finding a solution or remedy against the source of tears.

I got it one day, that my father left my Mom at the age of two, Not because of rage or revenge, nor on contradictions or vanity; He left, for his work, to return as usual, next week, but didn't., Mom wept, losing all her control, broken Dam of tears.

I kept silence, as I couldn't weep, as I was not That much attached to him nor I have any idea of my father. A nice man, neighbours told, and am the exact copy of him My face, body strategy, walks and looks, everything like him.

I went up and saw me in the mirror, 'not a good looking boy' Remembered what my sister used to say about me, and asked 'Am I ugly to see?' to the mirror, that never replied, And I felt sad first time in my life, 'if I am ugly, my father too!

That made me think a lot about my father, may be his colour, Tempted him to leave his wife and children, as my Mom is Fair and beautiful to see in my eyes, not known others so close.' 'No, he left with no such reason' mother, patted on my shoulder.

'Why are you weeping every day'? I looked upon her face; 'Am expecting his return every day, waiting and waiting,

Till late evening, his usual time to return from office; And not seen, what else I can do, we have none to look after.

It was then, I remember, the first drop of tears appeared In my face and my Mom embraced me hard and wept And I don't remember when I slept on that night, With full of imaginations on my Dad, whom I never saw.

No photo, no letter nor any other property to remember His presence at home, as no one expected such a fate For me and my Mom to live in frustration and agony. That she can't cop up things to meet both ends of our daily life.

At last, after waiting for more than fifteen years, She stopped weeping, concentrating on my studies, When I started weeping, as I understand, how my Mom Loved him and how he loved her, but left, with no reason.

'Might have been killed or met with an accident; he would have Come otherwise', she solaced herself with interrogations And exclamations to herself; the same questions, I have In my tears, aroused in my anxiety, fear and frustration.

The red-hot colour of our eyes filled full with tears May add beauty and power some times, beyond Depression and dejection, the painful events and incidents, That may wash off things of the past and present.

Let, tears overflow with all the worries and miseries Within seconds, all of a sudden, that comes out; And sometimes going on weeping with sobs and screams For days and months together, deepening the wounds.

Slowly I forgot my father, as I am engaged with my studies And work, so also my Mom, not talking anything of him, As the time can wash away even the ocean of tears And then no matter to wash off our sorrows, the time did.

Tears overflowed from my eyes on many nights, imagining, Unnecessarily about the death of my mother, and wept,

As I am weeping now, imagining the death of my wife, That may cause isolation and frustration, making me insane.

Now I love my kids as a responsible father, with much Concern and care and I remember my neighbours, Words, 'am just like my Dad' Oh Dad, how would I be loved, If you were here with us, as I love my kids, that I missed.

Yes, I can now measure him, I can get him, through me, As he is me and I am just like my Dad, loving and kind. My eyes become full of tears, that I can see nothing but him, He is playing with me, as I do with my kids with love.

Imagine the world of no tears, a hard-note to suffer, damaging, The expression of painful thoughts and deeds. What force that makes me cry, now a days, I know not, But it comes from within, uncontrolled, so often.

Some may weep for small matters on high flow of tears And some never weep even on high tasks, Never shoot a small drop of tear at all Suppress and control whatever may the cause and its effect.

Tears purify the mind, some say, and reveal oneself, While the tears help someone to cover the truth, Some others find tears to cover themselves from the past; It serves from heart-break, that's on our brim of thoughts.

Think of the metabolism of tears, the water-in-takes And out-flows in different means and ends, for our body And mind, coming out from different source, as it needs Expressing differently, the relief, retreat and peace.

Tears of a child, for breaking his toy, we ignore, But the tears, when he grow, losing his Mom, Can't be covered, that compensates with none, As the tears, poured on, by fate, rather heavier always.

Grow more and more, and become so old, stopping The functions of the glands, there ends the tears,

C.P. Rajasekharan

Getting more worried, than the painful days of tears And realize the value of tears, the eye-opener, now.

The tearful agonies and miseries of the past, Are nothing, when we see the agony on tear less eyes, That close our sights to the windows of the world, Where fatherless children weep and beg for food.

And I see helpless mothers on streets to feed their kids With no alternative to safe guard them, as thrown away, By someone, knowingly or unknowingly, but me And my Mom, not suffered that much, as not thrown outs.

Falling into the pits of darkness, mothers and their kids, Crying, that I see, with full of tears in my eyes, praying And thanking God, for, not throwing us into ditches And gutters, too miserable, even to think at present.

True, one who never weeps, would never see
The bright world, as his eyes, not get cleaned
By the sorrowful scenes of poverty and hunger,
Accidents and wounds, filling hospitals of this world.

Pour down tears, evacuating pain, agony and misery,
To clear our eyes, crystal clean wiping the tears of others;
And feel the inner soul, free, evicting the mind
From all burdens to survive in this world of tears and love.

PAIN KILLERS

Vow! Wonderful, the inventions of these days On medical science, giving birth to pain killers, Introducing the new world of no pain; And let us operate our body, quite often For a small head ache, or for a pimple on our face.

'It's very easy' our doctor would say, And let us lay down at his table, for our pleasure, He, the surgeon, would do the other things, To cut and paste, as fast as in our Lap-Top-Word For enjoying a 'free and painless today,

The scissors, knives, thread and needles, And even flesh and blood, heart and lungs, Kidney and liver and all parts of our body, In whole, or as parts, available, And ready to cut, replace and stitch, to suit you.

Let us have the colour - visuals of television – Adds, Delivering a child, free of pain, Cutting our body, so easily, with no blood-shed; And let us remove and replace all our covering-cells, As the snakes do, when it becomes old and useless.

Now, it's possible to renew, and reshape the whole skin, With a new one to match our desire, colourful, fair, And scratch-free, as Michael Jackson did it for his fancy And 'enjoyed' a whole life, we think, as a white-man, Not revealing its consequences to the world.

But, for me the pain, a blessing, I welcome, That I know, it communicates and informs The problems that my limbs, veins or cells do suffer Due to the damage or disorder of any sort; That warns me to correct or repair my limbs. The pain gives me a sort of understanding,
To prepare me to repair the disorders
Keep fitting my body and mind to feel free
And do things for the satisfaction of you and me,
To be informed, not to ignore the problems within.

If pain, the message, be stopped, cutting the links, That would fail to transform the E-mails, from brain To the limbs and from limbs to the brain, And stops all communication, not knowing what happens That shuts down whole 'on-line' systems, abruptly.

The cargo cells won't carry any message Nor the blood-cells would work properly, to show The reflexes and impulses, from one port to the other, And create more troubles to our anatomy, Cutting the cause and effect relations and solutions.

No, it is not medicine, the painkiller, as we think, But something that numbs and breaks the connection Between the whole systems of information, of our body That acts like alcohol, letting the drinker sleep, for a while, And awakens the hidden thoughts, as soon as he wakes up.

The actual problem still persists, that we can never forget, Giving more giddiness, headache and uneasiness; Until the intoxication gets washed off, we realize, Like that of the inlets and outlets of a city drainage system, That affects the whole households there, if blocked.

See, the thrill of each success, we attained after the pain, We suffered, and the anxiety, we keep on to get its result, Realizing the old pain as new pleasure to experience, Like that of a cool breeze to the heated body After a long running exercise under the hot sun.

Nothing, we feel precious and fruitful, if received With no pain nor effort of our own, to be excited later; See, the cuts and stitched formats, of body or mind We see evidently forever, if marked inside or outside, That will keep a line of its own, not to be ignored in our life. The pain, that we can't tolerate, if known,
But helps the Surgeon to identify the spot
To rectify the problems, to be cured;
We can't react, if the pain not known, and suppose,
The Doctor may fail to diagnose, it's dangerous.

He may cut our limbs with over-confidence, If no pain, in cutting and stitching, we express, And may handle the scissor and blade carelessly, Like that of a piece of cloth, to be cut, With no feel from either side, to know, or to be known.

What pain killer, can we suggest for our mind to settle On an unexpected loss of our most precious beings, The son or daughter, husband or wife, mother or father For whom we dedicate, saved and submitted ourselves, For overcoming the agony of continuous ill-fate, but failed.

The pain of destitute, old-age helplessness, The very sad scene of someone, Permanently bed ridden with serious Disease or damage that can never be cured; Feeling the pain of others, more painful, than ours.

Pain affecting own body, may be cured But the painful mind, that affects every kind heart, By the sin and sorrows of others, Can never be settled by any pain killer As the mind, continues to carry the sufferings.

Let us come back to Michael Jackson, Singing for the world, not knowing himself, Cut off his black skin and replaced white, By having a surgery with no pain; But damaging some cells and neurons.

His body was troubled, that he never knew, When cutting and pasting took place, But later he suffered and no pain killer Could save him, or make him laugh, As his blood oozed out with more pain. The black and white, just an 'illusion'!
And let us keep our body and mind
Better, as original as it is to run the life;
The attraction was not the colour, but his songs,
That Michael never realized, on his illusion.

Whiteness, of his skin created nothing, But developed a complex, to beat the unknown, That did not match his songs nor his personality; Suffered a lot, the poor man, not because of pain; But pain killer, that had veiled his troubles.

Could have cured the pain, if known, And would have lived more, with better songs. For him, no doubt, demanded the song, not skin; Comparing to the great things of this world, Their painful memories, and sufferings, not the skin colour.

That contributed more to reshape this world;
The pain of wounds, the pain of rejection
And the pain of suppression and depression,
They had in their mind and body, tortured and tormented
Mercilessly, by the rulers, enemies and colleagues.

Ridiculed and thrown out from deserving position, Creating great events to reform, history of the world. That no one can forget the road of sufferings, As Christ had trodden and peddled on, a long road, Mounting up with a heavy cross on his shoulders.

See the iron thorns, stuck to his head, Cursed, scolded and beaten up by his own men, And at last they crucified Christ brutally Hammering with big nails, on his hands and feet, Let us imagine the pain, he had, for speaking truth;

Oozing out, blood from his veins and face all over, Made prayers, even then, not for his sake, But for others, the cruel brutes, who caused All sorts of cursing and torturing, "Oh Lord! Forgive them, for not knowing what they do "...

I too pray, my dear friends, for you, For not knowing, the cause and its effect That tempts you, turn against me To see me falling down, losing everything, While serving and supporting your goodness;

I welcome these troubles, with all my heart and soul. And put up my prayers, to have all sorts of pains, Miseries and wounds, thrown upon to my mind and body. And get me tedious, assigning more and more Work, to be finished, for your satisfaction, my God.

Am happy to continue to be in the same role, Assign me whatever you like and let me work, Tirelessly, unto my death, to contribute and complement Your efforts to fulfil thy intentions and ideas for this world To make things in its equilibrium, as you wish.

Oh Lord, the most painful things, you take from others, Right now and give it to me, me alone, I can bear it for your love to be showered upon, That may or may not save me, I will forget, In the service of mankind, that I can do free of cost.

Oh Lord, you know me better, my morale to head it, Whatever you pour on, regardless of its heaviness, That I never allow anyone to shoulder it, but bear Myself along with my tolerance, love and care. That you adorned with me with thy kindness.

Am sure, no pain killer to quell the mental agony You bestowed upon, but suffer, impossible to keeping aside, With a pain killer, and am ready to bear it, not as a liability, But as a gift, given thy majesty, to measure my patience, An asset to preserve, your reward for my sufferings, am sure...

THE LAST IMPRESSION

The first impression, as we feel, Is not the best impression
Nor does any such stable expression sustain, On any face, forever, as it's ever changing With different colours of feelings and emotions, That may vary from time to time, And place to place, with smiles and groans Half covered and half uncovered, And the face-value will definitely change On intensions and decisions, That forms in a man's mind, The in variables, to become the variable.

No beauty, consistent at par,
That shines and dims, fading in and out,
Caused by wind, rain or dust
Or by the likes and dislikes, that occurs, on and off.
And even by a pimple or scratch,
Or by accident and arrogance,
And by love and revenge,
Or on anatomic reasons on individual difference
As our health, that is not balanced forever,
It is changing and varying day by day,
Getting affected by happiness and unhappiness,
Wealth scarcity, gene and environment.

Family, children, wife or husband;
And the complexes of both,
May be positive or negative,
That affects and deems our face expression;
And love, that is not at all immortal, as we say,
Nor something established for ever, as you heard
In the old stories and poems or in epics and classics.
It's comparative and mere imaginative,
That you can lie upon your love,
As you imagine and compare, as you do;

Love is always followed by lust or wealth, Or any sort of profit or loss.

Love starts with friendship for the time being,
Not to be burdened by each other.
You may see, certain husbands and wives,
Live in absolute love, that they seemed to be,
But believe with factual errors,
Acting the other end, confused with truth,
As they complement and contradict on and off,
With momentary interruptions and distortions
And so, their level of love and living,
Its heat and temperature, and tempo
Goes up and down, unnoticed by others
With shades and lights, flickering in their face.

The character, that will definitely change,
Unless and otherwise, it is retarded, and out of sense,
In one way or the other, as it is tuned with,
Men and animals and with all living beings,
Certainly, to be changed on emotions and feelings,
Being faced with the oppressed and suppressed,
Love and loath, blessing and cursing, and what not,
For it should not change, that it should;
All we are on a drama stage,
And we destined to act as happy
Even with a miserable story;
And we may feel unhappy even on happy events.

Yes, we play the roles, as directed,
Putting on the shoe of someone else;
When forced to satisfy, to be fit or unfit.
We change ourselves, unless and otherwise,
To keep us in a show-case, dancing and smiling,
With no self inside, to react, as he or she feels...
Better, let us measure a man at his worst,
Fully dejected and ignored and on enraged position,
To get his last impression, that would come out,
Than measuring him, with love and affection,
That will provide no right impression,
What he shows and what he keeps inside.

C.P. Rajasekharan

All men and women are cheated, if loved and lived With someone, trusting the first impression At home, or office or in the friends' circle, As the impression, created, is just to show, Like that of a vanishing magic, anyone can do. Like an interviewee, seemed humble and simple, To the interviewer, the boss in his office, at first sight; But became different within days, after posting, And consequently we may say, 'how changed, he is', That is quite natural; the first show is over; As none is on our sympathy, forever.

And nothing is permanent, in our face, or elsewhere.

Everything is seasoned, and liable to be changed. And let it change, and wait for a last impression That will never happen, as it is going on changing. And so let us wait a little, that's better To see the colour changes of the seasons, Before confirming the merits and demerits, Mixing with your love and lust, the colours, On a canvas, already colored, becomes dirt, If adding more colours to your mind, Not to grace or disgrace, the imagination, you had Where there was no picture at all, Unless we draw it, as we see it.

THE BOOK OF LIFE

THE BOOK OF LIFE

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THE DESERTS AND GARDENS

Gardens are not gardens, nor the deserts are deserts, If not seen, rather they seem to be;
The meadows, growing plants or flowery trees,
Do create no symbol or symphony, in vacuum,
If no soul, with a canvas and colours to draw
The fragrant flowers in many forms and shapes,
One among the other, in bunches that may not be seen,
If one's soul is lost, or fully thrown to hell...

Hail thee hell, I perceive you as I can recreate,
Adding the stories of my own miserable past,
Full of agony and pain, drawn with the fire and smoke of me,
The lamented and tortured life,
Worn and torn into pieces and fried myself alive
On red-hot-iron, like the real hell in stories,
I went through, counting down my days to reach
The hell or heaven, so fast, within seconds....

Yes, seconds; no years, months, days; Nor even hours and minutes, just a fraction of a second, It's too long, Oh Lord, weary and tiring, Beyond years and eras, if me, the idle, inactive fool, Keep on waiting, for the time and events to come to me And flourish me, the never fulfilling dream That will drag my life, creating lag in every frame, Boring, useless and troublesome, to myself...

Yes myself, getting assigned to work, for my daily bread, Overcoming the hazards and hardships, Immersed myself in creative & fruitful thoughts of, Enriching others, not thinking the loss or profit, Months and days that may fall unnoticed, for a man, Toiling hard, thrilled and filled by the sights, That sounds joyfully around us, lively, and colourful With imaginary kingdoms & gueens, even in deserts...

Deserts are beautiful, structured and carved In their soft soil skirt, frilled and bordered With golden lumps, rolled and terraced step by step Like gypsy-girls in colored costumes, Moulding and remoulding Its frocks and frills In their dancing beats and tunes of winds, The trumpets and viola of local flavour of deserts, That my soul beholds and milks its nectar...

Oh nectar! It's thy hopes & imagination
That keeps alive my youthful vigour and beauty of life
Snatched and robbed the nectar from God to devil
And devil to God, in heavenly terms,
By war and tactics for beauty and power,
Ruled and played by nymphs and damsels, in epics,
Hallucinating with the illusion, for, the creation of beauty
That attracts and kills the morale.

Yes, kills; the beauty kills the sense & sensation, In disguise to cheat the sex and sexual instincts, That dazzles, ignites and inflames, forgetting oneself, On hollow thoughts, the humour of life, As nectar and beauty, the fantasy, dissolves one into other, With the feel of thy mortal nature, for us, The beholders, the blank headed monsters, For them, no active sight within, the sensual eyes...

Lo! the eyes opened and magnified with spec's, Become too colored or faded, with no visuals, Of own desires, so strong and hard as nuts and bolts; With no lubricant to rub & clear the eyes, The inner eyes, to see the pinching pricks and strokes That may wipe sweat and tears of the poor To aid and relieve the miseries of the world, coming closer, To be filled with love and fragrance.

Yes, fragrance, the sweet, eternal truth,
That soothes thy wounds of love, mercy and mankind,
Stitching and curing the pain and agony of the near and dear,
Through the ebbs and flows, lakes and deserts,
Hills and falls, the lily's and rose, thy gifts of nature

In different shape & form, closing our eyes, And thrown open the mind to feel the enchanting scenes, Created and implied with its own will & purpose.

Yes, the poet never sees the garden,
Nor does the garden see the poet, if no soul, he keeps inside,
Immersed in blue with no water, but air far above;
And the deep blue with no air, but water far below
To reach the unreachable, creating waste-land and forests,
Hills and valleys, of own desires, to declare,
'The garden or desert creates no poem; but it's our inner eyes,
That create gardens and deserts to bloom the poems.

THE TRACK

Creaked in a weeping sound,
Stopped abruptly, the train,
Destined in between the bushes,
With no sound nor light,
No roads, nor any vendors,
To buy and sell the time-pass things,
Nor there a station, nearby,
But far beyond its destination,

'Nonsense! Why, pulled the chain,
Who is it, so crazy and naughty?
Am late even otherwise!'
A lady in her berth,
With a half read book on her breast,
Shouted, as if she lost her temper,
And heated herself with impatience,
Uttered the rough words in a cursing nasal sound.

The relay-race of the displeasure
Mounts up and down, with sounds,
Murmurs, and shouts in the cabins,
Passed from one to the other,
The very token of rage, envy and intolerance,
Shaped and grown in one roar,
Bigger than the engine sound, that may crash,
Blaming the unknown, with no reason.

Nobody knows what exactly happened!
For the cursing voice-mail,
Heard in transmission, that becomes,
The rough and tough noise of the train
As the track and train stuck in silence
On its pensive mood, with no red light-signal
Nor any level cross-shunting
Within the heath, so lonely and silent.

The long rails, parallel and plane,
For the two ends, never to meet
Seemed to be touching and strangled,
Somewhere far off, not knowing the 'long-sight.
That may preach true or false.
That no one to question nor anyone to answer,
How it stopped and why we should tolerate,
Getting patient enough to close our eyes.

Waiting for the train, to get it moved,
Waking from his sleep, said someone,
'Just five kilometres more from here,
To the next station, but it stopped and stilled;
To trouble us; what cruelty,
The railway people do to the public?
It is our money, they are living with;
React and protest, injustice.'

Comments followed, one by one,
With the gestures of impatience,
And someone got down,
Seemed to be disturbed by the comments.
And followed others, with curious looks,
To know what is in the track.
But me, neither slept nor dissolved in the crowd,
Stretched myself on a berth.

Flying round the world, my mind, With the wonders of time and space, Not knowing what happened Exactly under my cabin, to stop the train. As Indian trains may sleep hours together, That they know, no value of time. The TTE and other guards, I saw, Getting down hurriedly, on caution.

And heard a murmuring noise, Passing mouth to mouth, 'Some one caught up and dead Getting hit and stuck in the wheel And that dragged along the track...
May be a suicide or accident
Or may be pushed out by his foes, in disguise;
Who knows what happens in tracks.

It runs so fast, with no rule to guard on Where to stop and when to re-start, it seems, Arousing human curiosity in my mind, I got down, and saw the strange, fearful scene, A man, shrunk and entwined In the wheel-axis, hands and legs apart, With no man's face, gone dead, Clinging to the track and train, forever...

Someone began to talk again,
After a few second's pause, calling God,
To throw the responsibility over him,
On death and damages, as usual.
'Oh God, what fate it is to kill and squeeze him
And what sin, cursed upon him, to be here,
For such an end, your verdicts, not known;
Let someone tell us, at least, who he is.'

Just underneath my compartment,
Ending the last voyage of his life, he sleeps.
Sleeps, even without completing his mission,
Not fulfilling the least expectations, a man had;
The sad and horrified scene, sealed within me;
The man turned his face to me, as if to his God,
For the time being, gazed seriously, and gone to his cabin,
Getting no reply from any one, as expected.

The guards detached the corpse From the wheel, checked his pockets, Found nothing; no luggage, nor baggage, Not even a shoe to identify; And they declared him unknown, Along with the departed legs and hands, And informed the police, placing it, Covered with a piece of cloth. And finished the duty of the railways,
To an unknown, and even to the known,
That always happens with trains and rails,
The mechanical device, that moves
With no mind of its own, to act or re-act.
'Less luggage, more comfort', I recalled the logo,
As I used to pray, better to have less luggage,
For anyone, to have freedom, by himself.

Yes, he left this world, with more comfort, I felt; And slowly the train moved with me and others, As nothing happened, but went on talks With wrong remarks, dragging the dead, along the track, Cursing and blaming, not knowing the person Nor his cause, exactly, to end him here; But went on crossing and trailing, For a postmortem on the cause of his death.

I simply smiled at all comments, with no concern, As I noticed the hurly-burly and the manners, They showed in the starting point of this journey To catch the seats, unreserved, and to preserve it, For themselves, stretching their hands and legs Broader, in two-three seats together, not to allow, Others to sit, with the ego and complexes, That of contempt, on others, in their face expression;

Acting the role of big boss, everyone sitting
On the pride of a reserved ticket,
For a small duration and for a short destination,
That can't be predicted, where it exactly ends.
They quarrelled for the luggage-space, in the beginning,
And even with the vendors, for their poor service,
Not knowing to keep self respect,
By helping and loving others with respect.

I thought of myself in the place of the dead, And saw my kids' face, awaiting me back home; Their anxiety over my absence, in the family, With no whereabouts, but, waiting and waiting For a man who will never return, and slowly, Would turn against him with reports Of cheats and allegations, with no base, That he never had done to him nor to the family.

Un authorized absence, regardless of its reason, A crime by itself, for a person, at home or office. He might be on his way, in search of a job, Or for some money or favours from friends To be borrowed, in vain, not knowing the end; And might have crossed the track in a hurry, and hit. A loving father, brother or husband And may be a friend to his dear and near, as me.

He might have failed to cope-up with life
For the contentment of family and himself
Or he might be afraid of a trial,
Created against him by his foes, with false evidence.
My mind was disturbed throughout the journey
As a father and a husband, or a member
Popularly known to the public, travelling always in a hurry,
May be labelled as unknown, once, if dead in tracks.

Squeezed and dead, with a shapeless face, What identity, can I keep after death? To prove me, as myself, if destined, To die unknown, as thousands falling daily, In the track unnoticed, by others, with no concern. I found a small Box-News, 'The train hit an unknown' In the next day's paper, in an un-cared corner, That may not reach his kith and kin, if living far away.

They may be away from this language zone;
And the wife and children will keep on waiting,
Not knowing the cremation, done to him
By the police staff, with no love nor respect,
But cursing as a burden. To do out of duty-hours;
How destined we are, oh my lord,
Running on wrong tracks,
And what machine would tell us, our end!

Some are poor and cursed in life,
But may meet with a happy end;
And some others may live and die,
In deep depression, and regrets to themselves,
Making bondage of their life and death,
For them and others; while a small group,
Live and die, peacefully blessed, oh God,
Can you kindly, show me your account book?

Am happy now, having an independent life Giving and taking only what you allowed; Let me check my 'net-balance', to know, What will happen after my death, in your accounts; Or tell me how I should behave not to be buried Nor cremated with curse and contempt, But with a little bit of love and respect, That I used to keep sharing with others, always,

THE HEAD-LOUSE

Your pride and arrogance, I accept my dear louse, As you are on my head, guiding and leading me, You think, as you know each and every pulse, that My brain transforms to communicate to the other cells.

See, it's because of you, I scratch my head, on and off, But for others, my looks and these scratching mannerisms They feel, something that the intellects do, always, Making others feel, thinking, loud, to create or re-create.

Am thankful to you louse, for moving around my head, With a feel, for me, that something is alive in my head, But, I know, thou cleverer than me, running so fast, From place to place, all over my head, saving yourself.

There is very little hair on my head, for your safe living, And have wondered, how you escape, not to be trapped, In my comb, as I do it carefully, to adjust my little hair, Scattered over the forehead, for a nice look, forgetting you.

But you are very prominent, at home, as we discuss How to destroy you, from our kid's hair, daily after dinner, Before sleep, as she noticed it then, on combing our kids,, Every night as they scratch and tell about your nuisance.

'Poor beings, let them live there, eating the waste On your head, as there is nothing else, inside', I told, And my wife interfered, 'some people think themselves, Wise, the most foolish thought, a man can think about him'.

No doubt, her attack was against me for posing, wise, In all my comments, at home, that irritates my wife And kids, always, that they have an ill feel on my reading Without caring the house-holds, while they strain to cook. One day my wife caught hold of me, as I was scratching, 'Why you scratch? Louse on your head too? how it happened?, Three questions at a stretch, that I couldn't answer, But scratched, once again, as if, finding answer for her questions.

True, I also thought, how and why a louse on my head, Moving and irritating me, she has no louse on her head, My wife declared, and am not sleeping with my children, Nor there is any chance, for a louse, to have its stay at my head.

I was having girl friends, earlier, before marriage, but not now, And am not aware, if they had lice in their head or not, then. But I remember, a student of mine, having full of lice on her, That I saw, walking among their seats, in my philosophy class.

I saw them in group, coming up above the head, in meeting And mating on her hair, the darkness, for them, although Exposed and seen to others, unnoticed in the flavour of sex, The very excited hours of love-making, closing, eyes and ears

But I too kept silence, promoting and encouraging love, The head-lice had within the ornamental bower of hair Forgetting the teacher student relation, for the time being And conveniently forgetting, the seriousness of philosophy class.

Creating arbor on hair with flowers in between braiding And entwining hair-locks is a convenient palace-suit for you, I know, as my wife used to say, that you like fragrance And flowers, for you, to create your nuptial chamber, to enjoy.

Wife interrupted once again, with the same question, 'From whom, the louse came to my head and when', Am bound to answer, fortunate enough, the small kids, Declared,' may be from our head, as we play and sleep with him.

'Yes! I too added, energizing myself, as I got hold of something To save me from the situation, and told, 'they are correct!' Jumping from one head to other, and some of them may hide Themselves in bed-sheets, to get transported to the other head.'

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My wife and elder daughter smiled, sarcastically, 'Hum! jump...jump and fall down, no one will rescue, If fell down to gutters and ditches', I got, what she meant; Cursing the head-louse, I lay down, for my wife, to take it out'.

Immediately I got afraid, if my wife catch hold the louse And if compare it with other louse, that she used to say about Our neighbouring girls, it will be another curse for me, that I was in touch with one of them, that my wife has seen it.

'Ok, dear, let us kill the louse tomorrow, now I feel sleepy', And stood up from my wife's lap, then to my surprise, My grand-child shouted, 'Grand Ma, may be from aunt Mary, Our neighbour, I saw her on grand-pa's bed, last Sunday.....

GOD NEVER TOLD ME

God never told me to keep silent,
Against the injustice of my boss and colleagues
Nor to riot against the poor men's demands.
He never told me to be inactive and lazy,
Nor to sit idle, doing no work in my office,
Ignoring the very needful demands of the public.

God never told me to arrange feasts
Nor to celebrate festivals at home
To entertain my rich friends and civic leaders,
Ignoring the huts, so close to me,
Living in misery and poverty, as my neighbours,
But knowing not them, on my driving way.

God never told me to go to the prayer halls And temples to offer oblations and prayers, On my own likes and dislikes, And on profits and gains of self-interest Nor to spend hours together, in meditation Keeping revenge and rivalries to others, inside

God never told me to be dumb against the shouts And screams of my own wife and children, Whom, I should attend with care and love, Compassion and consideration. Nor did he tell me to act myself as a big boss, at home, Sharing nothing with the dear and near,

God never told me to ignore others Shutting myself in my cabin, To grow and spend money, as I feel, For my own comforts alone, Claiming, bargaining, and accounting the profits, Finding no time to care for the poor and powerless,

God never told me, to sign any document of others, Involving any agreement, committing myself, in a hurry Without getting convinced of the consequences, Nor to be involved in a business, carelessly With deeds of sales and purchases, Of land, buildings and shops, beyond my reach.

He never told me to assign myself anywhere, Without proper planning and checking The ability and capacity to manage, That might lead me into trouble, Due to the ignorance and foolishness, Caused by my own need and greed.

God never told me to turn my face
Against the beggars and needy,
Ignoring their hands, stretched for mercy.
And to run on pilgrimage,
Throwing the smallest coin to any shrine
Cursing and pushing out the hungry and thirsty.

He never told me not to obey the civic orders Regardless of others from the queue, To reach the idols, and other destinations Crushing and squeezing within the crowd. That may create more problems and accidents Adding more damage to the nation and people.

God never told me to threaten the vendors At our door step, coming for selling and living, And the by passers, for touching on our fence, For no reason, but to keep my pride, And to keep my fence and gate untouched, for The less privileged and less honoured.

God never told me to close my eyes and ears Against the weeping kids on the road side. For an oat meal or for a piece of bread, To fill their starving belly, waiting somewhere, On the door steps of hotels or shopping malls Where I pay big bills, lavishly and blindly.

God never told me to add more and more things In the show-case, to show my pride, with no life. And he never told me to criticize, what others do Finding the mistakes alone, to degrade others, Not perceiving the beauty and goodness in it, On whatever I see and wherever I go.

Nor did he tell me not to encourage the work of others, To contribute and compensate this nature, Within their limited time and strength, That I am not doing, due to my laziness, Pride and prejudice, or my over-confidence. On the power of others, in support of me.

God never told me to be ignorant About the social norms, rules and regulations of life, Nor to create problems myself, and then weep, Without attempting to solve, my wrong stand, Calling God, for his help, for which he isn't responsible; For me who never followed the ethics of others.

God never told me, not to work for social justice, Nor to keep mum, against criminality or robbery, For which he gave me vigour and valiance, power and wisdom, strength and morale, to smell and react at once, with a reflex, That should help me, my servants and masters, This nation and the whole world, by a word of mine.

God never prevented me against my timely interference To protest and fight against injustice, That may affect someone, and he never told me Not to love anyone or anything, who needs my love, Care and trust, to lift them up to their normal life, Helping and to pour on confidence and courage.

God never told me not to mingle and mix with Other men, lower and higher level of life To experience love and tolerance, Mercy, consideration and compassion, in different Class and creed, to live with them for an understanding, The equality and solidarity, anywhere in this world.

God never told me to be arrogant and useless, Nor did he tell me to do any act of revenge And rivalry to mankind, Snatching and grabbing anything from anyone; Nor did he tell me to destroy, anything created by his grace, On my dislikes, as it's created for someone else.

God never allowed to take anything of others
Or to behave blindly, in giving and taking,
Without listening to my senses,
He gave me to use properly, checking the,
Logic, Cause and effect of any deed
That it should not affect the distribution system.

God never told me to be a spendthrift, Nor to live extravagantly, by taking loans, Beyond my power to repay, And to die as a debtor, pledging the self respect That I owe to keep my own prestige; Wealth and welfare by my self, with respect.

God never told me to take or give cash and kind, By stealing or corrupting my deeds, Nor to live, without truthful devotion or effort of my own... God never told me to go on pilgrimage of any sort, Nor to run here and there, in search of God, In mountains and mists, with no idea of his Might.

He never taught me, Preaching and propagating Selfish thoughts against the norms of coexistence In this universe, as he dislikes, The man-made destructions and disorders For, he wants to keep on, everything He created here, with a purpose and balance.

And why should I, a small living being,
Interfere In each and everything
To confuse and to be confused,
With no cause nor reason for me to claim
Or to create any trouble to others,
That God never liked to have chaos and disorders.

And he never told me, to trust The words of negation of the nefarious Nor did he tell me to be with the irresponsible gang That I should check my conscience to be clear. Not snatching the wealth of others, But to enjoy the only one, I obtained by my hard work.

Am allowed to procure wealth Under permissible social system, to enjoy, as mine. Nor did he tell me to do what ever I like For my peace and pleasure, killing the peace of others. But to keep the eternal peace, That is within me always, to avoid any disgrace.

God never told me to create
Any discomfort to others, the only thing that God told me,
That I never listened, nor did I check myself, to be away
From the Devil's temptations; trapping me in evils;
Listening to the wicked propagates, and I suffered,
Of my own carelessness, and negligence.

God never told me to jump into action, And to do things without proper judgment, But I did all the above, what he never told me to do And suffered its consequences, No doubt, I fooled myself, that God knows And He laughs at me, looking on my pale face.

I could have made up, by myself, for a better results, Limiting my desires and delusions, keeping me Afresh and clean using the wisdom, That God has given me, at least to keep me away, For not doing What he had never told me to do. To avoid agony and frustration, for which, he is not responsible.

But me. me alone, I realize,
The cause for all my troubles,
And the creator of my own evils and devilish deeds,
For which, I am unnecessarily afraid of the waves
Instead of closing the leaks in my boat,
That may harm me, but not the sea, in this voyage.

GLASS - MATES

Cheers! screamed with cheers, again and again,
Hugging and kissing each other, tickling the glass, one by one
With golden hot wine, so hot, foaming and bubbling by itself,
Acting the old love-stories of the past, that tried and failed,
With a teen-age body-language in the dim-light, we imagined,
Within ourselves, drinking and babbling. with a ding dong
The song of the glasses that loved each other, gulping, licking
And making foolish utterances and words, praising each other

Bow-bowed ear to ear, the stories untold, and not to be told; By dominating one self, leaning on the shoulders of others, With a cheaper heroic deed of the day, to be laughed at, Forming and naming own fantasies of senseless thoughts; Sounded with tongue-slips of the hot drink, that started Belting the brain, switching off the senses, one by one, Looking for an answer, we asked ourselves, repeatedly, On every drink, 'Why are our wives, so sharp and angry?

Such a nice drink, why don't they accept this,
As our art of living, getting peace and joy of a lighter heart,
At least here around this table, after a day-long struggle
And trouble, to cope up, the hard-core knots and twists,
In the office and home, for the peace and benefit of others.
"Drinking once in a while, with a handful of friends
In the evening moon, can't be wrong, we felt and justified
'The social drinkers are not drunkards; but guys making peace.

My friends uttered, defending themselves on every drink, Blinking each other, covering what happens at home. Their words lighted my sense to justify my drink, memorizing The points, to present myself at home against her arguments; As if, I am compelled to drink; as we usually act, one another, Maintaining the high-end social status, that I never had, 'The so-called high-ends. With anyone' I rubbed my lips With a grey smile to get up from my seat, with my purse.

The reddish eyes and cheeks, faded and dimmed In the dim light, that blinded my eyes and crippled, my legs And the words twisted together with my tongue, Troubling to spell, to bid farewell to my friends, 'goo..d night'. Paying the bills, I laughed out and walked Towards the darkness, zigzagged my feet, not obedient, Left to right and right to left, pushing open the eye-lids That could anchor nowhere, firm and safe, but walked.

'He is goo...d, very, very good boss' I heard their voice Shouting meaningless words again and again, One and the same...they laughed and laughed With no light and air in the drinking suite, and slowly, Faded away their voice, away from me, with no clarity. 'Goo...d, goo...d ...night ...!' I too shouted to none And moved on to the main road; with no proper light, But a slight shaded spark here and there, on the road.

Plants and leaves, moving on winds, with the dancing shades. Colouring the darkness, thicker and thicker With lights and shades of the vehicles, that dashed on road, Towards and against me, driven one after the other, With their drilling flash of the dazzling head-lights, somehow, Pushed my legs up and down, carefully keeping the way Correctly to my girlfriend's house; pacing slow steps, Lamed and crippled by drinks, I reached her house, at last.

Saw her, waiting on the doorstep, covered by the black night. Embracing, she kissed and pulled me inside,
And the dimmed candle light, showed me, my love,
The half naked doll, she seemed to be, to my drunken eyes...
'Darling, you drank too much today? That too for me, I know,
As I love you, get drunk', kissing me, she murmured.
Half conscious and half unconscious, I listened to her wits,
As if, she staged a social satire, 'the drunkard-show'.

'Hi beautiful, the reddish eyes and your fleshy face' She hissed in my ears with a soft kiss on my cheek; And crept on me, inch by inch as a millipede crawls, So soft and slow, and pulled me down to her bed, With the force of love, putting out the candle light, Carefully, off the room and my sense as well, in dark, That she performs, to keep me comfortable and safe Inside the cottage, un noticed by anyone at home.

The ray of light began to crawl into the room,
She knows the timing, for me to leave before dawn,
Not seen by the neighbours; nor anyone at home.
'Oh dear, nice sleep you had?; she giggled,
Buckling my pants, and shirts to its normal sites,
'You are so nice, so good to me dear, for visiting me,
As you keep on me living' amidst other hardships;'
Kissing me deep, she pushed me back, to the bed once again.

And my purse, that fell on the bed, as usual, reminded me What gift, I could offer than this purse, for the sweet kiss, That she stamped on and on to my face, with love! Giving back a smile of regard, I walked out the front yard, Looking behind, walked and walked with no purse, Too nice, to reach home, free hand, with no bondage. As, am good, very good in office, with no complaints And so nice to my wife at home, giving money, what so ever.

Colleagues are happy, as I sign their vouchers, they say Not raising my eye-brows, against them, And allowing them to be in pubs and parlours, in office hours Playing cards in clubs, with them in evenings, Chatting and spitting the hooks and jokes against foes, On professional envy, staging 'one-act plays' with my friends; Never interfering nor questioning my assistants, what they Irrespective of doing, or not doing, paying full salary, to all.

Am good to the drivers, watch and ward, and to my peons
The vendors and to the milk-maid, and to the neighbours
Giving more than what they deserve and receive their salutes,
With thanks, for throwing dollars uncountable, to all
As it comes and goes, keeping safe, the life in our bank.
Am keeping good to all my family members and kids,
To live, with their own 'pass-word' in separate accounts.
Not to pick-pocket, my privacy, nor encroaching into their life;

The untold paths and tracks that I paved on,
The by-pass roadways of my heart; that I kept as mine;
So also the neighbours' windows that they never bolted
Or blocked against my morning-walks, the regular
Circular trip, with no dislikes on my face to anyone,
That I ever expressed, and kept myself warm, with smiles,
To all known and unknown, on our foot-path, wherever,
Near the cottage, or far off, as I keep clean myself

It seemed not open, the front door of my quarter,
As usual, that kept locked, always, from inside,
As I taught them to be safe at home, they obeyed;
Pressed myself, the calling bell, so soft
And waited on the door-step, to get it open;
Opening half of the door, she, my wife, appeared
With her tedious looks and eyes, in her sleepless gown,
Half opened and half closed, as she doesn't care herself.

Parted and locked with buttons on wrong holes, As she herself, looks like; 'hi dear, come in', She whispered in a sleepy tone, with her half-closed eyes; And there followed a thick word, 'good morning!' a known, Rough voice, familiar to my ears, behind my wife... Someone, like a shadow, with no proper light on either's face; Pushing the door, inward a little, and I perceived The figure of, Peter Johns! my colleague and friend,

Very much with me, last night, to drink. 'hi', I heard, The hissing sound of Peter, broken as if to say something else, But interfered, Shirley, my wife, 'your key, you forgot, in pub; And Peter brought it here; 'you left the club, 9 pm?' He said, 'and, where were you last night, my dear..?' She stiffed her tongue at a stretch with no loophole for me, To reply, nor have I any reply, as she caught-hold, Red-hand, 'my missing' in previous night, with no excuse.

'Might be at my home'; fell down the words From Peter's lips after a pause, 'Rose, my wife, Speaks of him, with high esteem', smiled, Peter and me, With no meaning nor expression in our eyes.

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'We were awaiting you, and fell asleep; and feel Still sleepy; even now; ok, come in', talking to me, Shirley shook hands with Peter, and she zoomed back To her bed room, as he, Peter, stepped out of the door.

He went out with no sound nor sign of any ill-feel And for me, the very good man, have no option, To show the likes or dislikes to Shirley, or to Peter, For me, I have to keep on my goodness. The war begins at likes and dislikes, I know, But never expressed, till date to keep up the name, 'The good man, the label on me, for joining with any hands And to keep on smiling, even on the odds and toughs,

The ups and downs, the gutters and high-ways, I paved on, in the same mood, with no emotion of my own As if I am having my intakes, as that of a Sufi's mind. The neighbours, and the whole street, still and passive, In their deep slumber, closing their eyes, not knowing What happens with good men and women in the world, That concerned, with the likes and dislikes, each one shows, Covering the soul, they own, with a smile, that fades.

Is it early morning or late evening, trusting not my eyes, Am at my wits end, not knowing the dawn or dusk, The light inside was pale, invisible what happens, at home; For the sun, just before the entry and its exit, Not established nor put off its lights, fully in its pale face Difficult to bear the 'change-over' the gloom, that spread; Missing the sense of time and space, a nightmare, Or day-dream, and am certainly out of drink, at present.

MAN, THE ANIMAL

Man the animal, the social animal, you may say, But sometimes, a man, with no civic sense, utters, Barks and weeps, walks and sleeps as animals do: Eats and drinks, and mates and breeds as animals do. Man speaks lie after lie, that an animal does not do. As its eyes, blinking not to truth, nor does it hide, The truth, against his masters. Not uttering any false promise to anyone, in life.

Man smiles even out of time and space, But an animal, thoughtfully closes its eyes As it can't live, cheating themselves, Laughing at their own kith and kin, as men do. The dogs, cats, and even monkeys and donkeys. Keeping me alert, at home, with trust and love, Wagging its tail, kissing me for a bit of biscuits Or a lump of oatmeal, fall down from my lip.

They lick it from my feet, and feel obliged With no complaints or dislikes, the domestic animals; So also the lion, tiger and even the crocodiles, The very wild in character, with no tenderness, Behave thankfully, if fed and tamed, to their masters, Who feed them, caring and patting. But we men, get dejected, feeding someone With all sorts of food, spending a lot in star hotels.

We get befooled, finding them go away, From our heart, as far as they can, with no thanks But with sharp remarks against our food, Questioning even the very intention And the integrity of our love and affection, For what we have done to keep on loving him; It's surprising to listen to the tormenting words, Turning the friends, enemies with false allegations. Who is he to feed me and what he intends?'
The question goes on the air, far and wide,
Passing ear to ear, that we listen from others with pain,
Adding queries and the negative answers flow
From different corners, likes and dislikes to laugh at.
Man, the wisest, we may say, but not; not at all
As he may twist his wisdom, on his personal agenda
Unlike an animal, that would never mock at others.

Men, always involved in the act of pettiness, exhibiting Themselves as show pieces, worrying about the positions And wealth of others, that they deserve or not; But an animal is least bothered of money and fame, That they or others have or have not, as they don't Fight with own kith and kin, in the name of assets and debits Nor with brothers, sisters and friends, on greed; But a man may kill his own mother and father.

He is crazy for power, regime at home, and even for a small Benefit of cash, gold or promotion, if offered by others, Or by the madness of his own decisions and demands. As he is not social, as he acts, but self centred; That he shouts selfish arguments to violate social norms, But an animal will never cheat or misuse its premises, As they are more attached to their ambiance and society Understanding each sign and gesture, so clear.

Animals misunderstand not, the very purpose of this nature. Thank God for creating animals, with clear wisdom And I bow to thee, you animals, certainly, living creatively Keeping their truthfulness to their own conscience; And you, animals, never hide any of your emotions, For fear of any loss or gain, show nothing than what you are, But shows, exactly what is within, expressing the same, That you feel, with no teachings of morals and classics.

Oh, fortunate, you, animals! As you don't have caste-creed Differences, nor religion or politics, unlike your masters; Nor do you have any distinction, the white and black And you don't have ego, nor pride and prejudice. Feeding an animal, I know, with their very minimum needs,

Is sufficient to keep them with us, loyal and trusted than men, That will never leave us, for any reason of its own. As man, who would leave his very dear and near ones.

The lame excuses of his job, spacing, time or calamity Or on his own inconveniences to be with others. He would leave his pets, the silent animals, Quoting his flight, or of the quarters to live, Man lies, "nobody at home and no time to care for them", And so, he says, leaving the poor animals, And they suffer, isolated, waiting and waiting For the arrival of their master, in vain.

Getting embarrassed, smelling through the roads,
Running on the paths, their master walked on
With none to care, and running till it falls down
Somewhere, attacked and killed by others,
With no food or water.
No doubt, animals are more social and loving, than men,
And man, certainly a real animal, and more than that,
Barking and biting others with no logic, or reason.

Becomes rougher and tougher, ruder and cruder, Savage and wild in his attitudes and aptitudes, Even in eating, mating, breeding, and telling The same lies, against the conscious mind to repeat, Preaching and praying, an act, never to practice, But a cheat show of the liberated soul, That an animal will never do, Cheating anyone in the name of God and liberation.

THE MUSCLE MAN

I am the body, so strong, fat and stout With my muscles so strong and powerful, Acting the leading role at home. laughing loud, The comedy of eating, with no man to compete, As no one plans the day-dreams, as I dreamt, Without feeding my mind, to realize what I am.

No warning, nor the guidelines I did follow Nor did I answer anyone else on my fat inside, Driving fast with no gearing and steering Covering all my hills and valleys, as I longed With or without humps and bumps on my way, No heal, no feel, no turn on right and left.

Am ruled by my own rules at home and office, As no one, I see, here or anywhere, to overrule me, My walks and looks, I made for myself; as I think; It's my body that eats and it's my body that sleeps And it's my body that I am living for.

Found no difference on my past and future.
And so started morning walk, then made a way,
To the gymnasium, and then to the swimming pool,
For an evening show; skating, boxing, cycling, then,
Followed football, cricket, volleyball, and tennis,
And a little athletics just for jogging with my girl friends too,

Getting all these exercises of body-build, Within an year or two later, made a strong man, Out of me, the muscleman, leaving the fatty cells; Feeling myself sound and sharp, not to fail me, as you see Named myself, a steel-robot, just like making super-man, Become greater, the muscle-man, me. Appeared lot in video-shows and television chats, Eating too much, with my practicing, The legs and hands and chest exposed, Like a sponge, so hard and tight; Did all my jobs, my limbs so fast, As my staff, to shout and threat, the little boys.

Increased my wants, to earn and burn this world, With a fashion-show of my body-build, And I sat at ease with no purpose, what follows; Growing so strong my body, acts and fights Letting not my brain, to see the contrast scenes, With no exercise, for my thoughts, in traffic jam.

Not listening to my bones and marrows, So careless, my muscles worked, as it is; The mind and body, bulged, in different poles; With a thought, so sad, in my mind Causing head ache and fever, glooming me, Getting worse, my body, limb by limb,

Pushing me to the lazy- mood, day by day..
The mind and body, turned their two-way road;
The more I get my body big and strong
The more I felt me weak at heart;
For, I felt lacking mental strength
To keep me in my normal road of life.

Slowly started hating, the muscle man-name, Not to be called as super-star, television shows; Saw my eyes, on mirror, one day, Grown big, and bulging out, With no sight of things, even little far, That compelled me to buy a lens and frame.

My charming specs, purchased by my wife, For a sight of things, at least in front of me. 'Good and beautiful', my friends would say, Very much matching, my wife too said; The lens and frames fit my nose, But not my sense on daily life.

I too felt it good for face, But for the price, is little high. Looking at the mirror to see me full, As I seen me, reflected. Nothing to say of any wrong-matching, That's all my wife would find.

Not to bother myself, going out, For she is the expert to sell and buy. Wife, the judge in colour matching; And I walked with a power and pride, Sharing the joyful days with her, On our matching specs on face.

After, I felt, a week or two, Somewhere, failing my peace of mind; A little feel of irritating, After a day long, wearing glass, 'It will be alright, within days' Consoled my wife as usual;

'You will get it used, right now, sir, As you enjoy the life,' she laughed, Sarcastically looking on my face, That I could guess, what she meant How I adjust my life with her, Bearing so much bitterness.

The specs, I fitted in my nose, No doubt, uplifting my dignity, Magnified, myself with a powerful lens My face and eyes; become big in size But fading out, the sights and scenes, That is getting not, in front of me.

Not showing me anything clean, Nor I saw its actual size; Either seen things, bigger some more, Or even seen it vague and fading. Not only in size and shape, But also in colour and form. With a little difference, in its actual terms, That may cause a converging Or it may be seen, diverging; Of course changed the reflections,

The vision, a little bent and refracted Finding uphill, the truth of things, Far beyond my adjusting Either by my eyes or specs, That cannot be so easy, To get the things, as adjusted.

Realized the truth of specs, so soon, That it is not my eyes, but mere glass That it can't show the truth at all. Looking up and down, I check myself, And then I viewed me side from side, Straining myself to adjust the glass with me.

Facts, my sight become worse and worse, Declared the doctor, 'bad eyesight, Not so easy, to get curing it ' 'But the expense, I met with lens?' 'Forget it, sir' he told me, laughing at, Better, you purchase another specs'.

'Is it long-sight, or of short-sight, sir'? Children started joking me, That they saw my strain, in gazing them. Bending, with a clownish look, 'Long-sight', I lost, very early, Bad in planning then, I was';

And the 'short-sight, I hate, To peep through holes, As I don't like the key-hole scenes, Anywhere in my life so far. 'Muscle-man, can you fight with us'? Asked the boys with cunning eyes'.

Laughed out questions, carelessly, As I thought, no war at all; That I don't have wrong notion, To save me with my body strength, That's not a defence method. The sports and sports-man-spirit, I know.

War is not a possible way for life, It can't save any life, from death. You see, it is a usual scene, Stronger, knocks down the weaker-man, Always seen it, die and win, Found no strongest, anywhere else.

Everywhere, we see a victory stand, Keeping vacant, to replace some one; As I am being a child myself, Keeping a soft and tender mind Knowing not, how this body of mine, Can be useful to save my life!

Why I made a muscle, so big, That I never used, in life so far Nor I enjoyed such a thing, As a graceful show for me Children laughed at me so loudly, Without getting, what I meant.

Listen to the roaring sound of kids, My wife, disturbed, in her search, As she, not seen, specs in her table-draw; Came in rage, to catch and throw, My specs, met with its own fate; Not knowing that it was her own specs.

I misplaced her specs on my nose, Due to my partial sight, I have; And to the matching colour and form, That of my wife's, lens and frame. As she ordered, same shop, at a time, To make a match in specs, for both.

Oh friends, you see what happens Scattered the broken frame and glass, Like my muscle and bones, with no balance Bulged out, from my flat body; But I regained a little sight, better than, With a specs in face

And am happy, remained my specs, Kept it so safe, in my table-draw And hers, she broken, as if mine To make a match with the matchless things, Causing the eye sight, my inner sight, Let me sleep now, without specs,

Let me have a peaceful sleep,
That I don't know how I get,
And let me ask you, one question,
Please don't misguide, anyone else
As it happened, with my specs-concept.
That has no use, to live with truth and love.

And let me have a far off sight,
Within me something, strong and bright
With no illusion of my muscle-body,
That has no use to identify
What is right and wrong,
In your life, so nice.

HOSPITAL COMPLEX

See the hospital, so gloomy and sad sometimes, And very busy and active with running doctors, Nurses and our people, so needy and vigilant, With a casualty in front, the very face of life and death, With wounds, bandages, shouts and cries, In the wards and rooms and even in corridors.

See human faces of anxiety, sorrow, and depression That demands attention, all over the building yards, Too busy and noisy with the doctors and nurses, Fully equipped with better tools of advanced science, They think, and assure to protect the patients of all kinds; Running here and there to save and to be saved.

No time to stop a while to think on oneself, Why this last-minute running, in caution, To the operation theatre, and then to the ICU And ventilators with oxygen cylinders, blood bottles, Injection needles, medicines and scissors To do things at once and finish their duty in time, so strictly;

But delayed, very much delayed In taking decisions in the doctors' chamber, With much debates and discussions, Not on the patients' conditions, But on the contradictions in the conclusions The doctors reach on their different diagnosis.

They have different inferences on their own reasons; And carry out debates on the facilities, Allotments, problems, and the consequences, With the name and fame of the hospital, tomorrow... The operation, successful in case-one, and they shook hands Sharing coffee and snacks in one corner, with the nurses.

But in case-two, failed and the patient died, At the other end, leaving the kith and kin to weep, Bursting their tears out, with no doctor or nurse near by; The casualty entrance is full, seeking admission On various cases of accident, fire, fever And on suicidal attempt, that failed.

The front office is busy, billing the discharged cases, Some on recovery, to home and others with negative results, Being referred to other hospitals, to live or die At the permitted time and place, as destined. Others, the by-sitters of in-patients, with various illness Their case-history, diagnosis and its reports.

The pay-ward is full, with the disorders of the chest, Throat, liver or abdomen or with the heart Affected with clotting, ulcer or cancer, Tumour or demurrage, what so ever disease, That a man can be affected, and get admitted. Without his prior consent, as he wished;

Let us read some cases, with a sigh,
How it happened to him, a nice man
That no one thought, he would be bed-ridden,
As he was very much active, not alcoholic,
And seen even in the previous night at his work,
Good to himself and the public, as well, with no vices.

Am here, with a patient of my own, little old,
A reader of my heart, and a good reader otherwise
Knowing me, along with my hot temper and sharp decisions
Being highly emotional on cuts and rights
But with her own judgments, rights, wrongs,
Weeps and soothes, accepted me as I am.

And she, with much likes and dislikes on her Own theories of life, with open expressions, Is forced to lie on a stretcher, to be trolled to theatre, To operate, the fractured bone to get it joined Or to be replaced, at her weak age; But with full confidence in me That I would not leave her alone, partially right, As the main role is not of mine, but God, Who connected me to get her admitted here.

I am not a saviour, but a man Knowing no magic nor any divine mechanism To save her life or to operate with no risk And so I prayed my lord, to be with the doctors For alerting them in their work with all knowledge And wisdom to fulfil it with no mistakes.

I looked at her face, once again As the stretcher, is pushed inside, And the door closed, leaving her, Eyes fully fixed and pasted in my heart, That was stamped on me, with a requesting tone, As if asking my permission to go inside.

My eyes become reddish, wet with tears, uncontrolled. My wife noticed and patted on my shoulder Murmuring, 'she will be alright' and safe, Calm, calm yourself please. she will recover;' 'Alright, alright' I too murmured within me, With chokes in throat, being sentimental, by nature.

I could no way control my outbursts of any sort, Agony or anger, pain or pleasure, that gets exposed; And so I went to my allotted chair, To sit In front of the closed door of the theatre. My wife took me to the canteen, And ordered coffee and snacks, to change my mind.

My static body, that was there with my wife, in the canteen; And she started talking to change the subject matter, To anchor my soul, somewhere in those topics, in vain As my mind was fully in the theatre, Comparing with similar incidents in hospitals, Remembering the memories of the past.

My mother, I remember, lying in my own hands, Looking on my reddish and wet eyes, as of today Stepping down from the fourth floor of my quarter With no stretcher nor lifts, in those days, And on my shoulder, taken her to the hospital; The same scene, gone on my mind, in a flash-back;

My wife knows all these, my tears and anger, Comedies and errors, love and loath, As she is with me always, for many years To stage and share my various roles of life; And so she pointed me, to the other table Showing me a brother and sister, sitting face to face.

They are having their break-fast, Chatting and eating, as normal as they can, Keeping their mother's corps in the mortuary, Just died this morning, my wife told, she knows them. Yes, it is true, am too, living happily here, After the departure of my father and mother.

Died, many of my relatives and friends, Years back, not thinking of the loss, I live, Engaging otherwise to live, not thinking of the dead; The hospital canteen is full and alive always, But the hospital is silent and gloomy, In the near-by rooms with pain, and lost hopes.

No expectations, as if walking on ropes Above the sea of life and death, trying on their own, Someone, expecting to die, and the others, to live. But the dead is dead and the wounded is wounded, Suffering alone, rounded by the near and dear, In their own living world, with problems and solutions.

Exclamations and interrogations on all faces
And all other sad expressions that suit the situation,
For a few minutes, and then leave the destined
To suffer his pain by himself, in the hospital room.
The world never ends, within a day or two, we see,
Or with the death of a man or of thousands

This world never ends with the end of one nation, Or by the end of all human beings,

But sustains as it is for the remaining life, The death of thousands or millions Would never stand in the way of the living As he or she has to live further, in the remaining arena.

Eating and drinking involving themselves In their engagements and enjoyments, in canteen, My wife convinced me the scenes of survival, Pointing to each table, sitting there, The son or daughter or the kith and kin of patients, With multiple fractures and various diseases.

The patients, struggling between life and death, In the wards, theatres, and even in the casualties, With unbearable pain and suffocation, Waiting to be attended by any doctor, After finishing his cases, one by one, without listening to The demands and calls from the other side.

Yes, true, thousands and thousands die every day Covered in television news and photographs in paper, That we just read and forget within no time To discuss problems of the living, with no question Whether it is you or me to live, but for the living, This world of tomorrow to work; and not for the dead.

Yes, agree, I too forgot my patient for a while, Seeing the philosophy of the canteen, Cooking the food for the living; Ignoring the dead, as dead, here in various rooms; I stood up suddenly, on an impulse, Remembering the patient in the theatre.

Alerted my wife, to go to the operation theatre, Shocked with the memories of the dead On the same doctor's table there, yesterday Or on any previous occasions, back-dated, Blaming myself of forgetting her, at least For a moment, sitting with others in the canteen. Opening the door of the theatre, our doctor Came with a smile and shook hands with me, 'Safe, she is safe; I will take care, go and rest'; He spoke nicely as assured me earlier, Patting on my shoulders once again, And he left in a hurry, may be to reach home;

My wife tried to smile back to him, But he went, unnoticed her curtsy-smile; I was getting myself relieved, on his words. And went back to our room, awaiting her, To be back from the theatre, And back to her normal life, so happy.

Discussing the cases of near-by rooms, We fell asleep for a while To compensate the sleepless hours, We spent in the hospital, last night. And suddenly woke up hearing the loud noise Just outside our ward, near the casualty.

And I ran out, thinking only about my lady, In the theatre, reported safe, but who knows The changing phenomena of this world, What happened and to whom, boiled my mind With a selfish thought, to pray for my patient, Ignoring all the other, hundreds, in the same floor.

Oh lord, it should not be she, my lady in the theatre, I prayed forgetting the universal love and mankind From my heart, truly, at least for that moment. Alas! It's our doctor, taken to the casualty, Met with an accident on driving his way home, Leaving the hospital just one hour before,

Soothing and offering his support and help To cure my patient with a pat of love; But now all the doctors and nurses, around him To save his life, in vain, with oxygen cylinders And all the equipment and experts of the hospital Together with all their heart and soul, fully dedicated.

Oh my lord, you heard it, saying to me and others That he would save all the patients here And I believed it, with full respect to his hopes, Without sensing your accounts and remarks, my lord `We did not think who he and me to save others? As we all are struggling for our own life, under your mercy.

Unknowing the do's and don'ts, you declared Nor the space and time, you destined for us. And see the out-patient wing of the same hospital, The patients still waiting there with no patience; In queue, with numbered tokens in hundreds, For discussing various issues and to get it rectified.

Everyone in the queue would like to skip at least one, To go back home, as early as possible, from the queue; After meeting any doctor, if one died, they felt, Bored on waiting in queue, as they are not concerned Of the death of others, but of their life, to be regained Nor are they bothered of any birth, other than that at home.

I too never told my lady, the death of our doctor, To safeguard her peace of mind, that I preferred. Oh Lord, tell me what is more to be exclaimed Here in this world, than this urge to exist, oneself, Bothering even his relatives and friends, Minding not the calamities occurring around us.

Everyone is on the urge of safe-guarding himself, Even on the blood and flesh of the dead, That is seen everywhere, as an every day event In your fixed point chart, of this universe, And let me see, my timing, please, To reach the finishing point of my race, with no baggage.

SEEDS AND PLANTS

Oh dear my seed, my prayers are not prayers
And my penance is not penance, for such a long time
That the patience you show, with excellence,
Than that of mine, not to be compared;
Dried and dried, how long you have been
Dedicating yourself, with no food nor drink,
Continuing to be on your long waiting endure,
Regardless of thirst, hunger or heat inside
That you are bearing yourself,
To give birth to a new born babe of your own;

That too, not for you, as a woman does it,
Partly for her fulfilment, as a mother;
But, for you, giving birth to the next generation
Is to get yourself ceased to exist, as a seed,
Immediately after the sprouting of your offspring
Letting yourself decayed as food for the new plant,
And break your protective shell, for the new one
To live and exist, for keeping on this nature, alive;
Maintaining the ecological balance, favouring others
With no sorrows or regrets, of own life.

Being the model, your patience to wait untiringly
For days, months, or even for years,
Till you find a favourable space and time
Anywhere on this earth to fit yourself,
And wait for a day or two again under the soil
With some water to wet and break yourself
Allowing the little plant to shoot out from you,
By rooting down to the earth to bring up a new one,
Dying yourself for the life of the new-born,
Giving your whole body and soul, as food to the new-born.

How long you travel for this purpose And how long you hide yourself, heated and dried, Not to be destroyed by animals or birds Or by insects or pests, with prayers and fears,

C.P. Rajasekharan

You keep yourself, as if, dead and lifeless Silently suffering the calamities and partialities of men, Not to preserve and eat at once; But some of you survive, even after eaten, Sprout and grow, where they left you out, Using, human waste, as the manure for your growth...

Painfully you see, some domestic seeds
Kept preserved with much care, by their masters
While others are thrown down, with no care,
In the wind and rain or in the frost and snow
To face its fate, whatever it may be, to be suffered
And neglected, with nobody to look after;
But you overcome the hazards of falling on fences and walls,
On rocks, stones or in floods with no hope
Nor any expectation of further living,
But you energize yourself and keep the ovum safe..

Your patience, remarkably great, waiting until and unless Put in suitable, condition to grow, and flourish.
Yes, my dear seed, you are my master,
Friend, philosopher and guide
Teaching me the patience to wait
For the right time and place to work and grow,
And to keep silent, patiently,
Without rioting and complaining
Against anything or anybody for our misfortunes,
Showered upon us with negligence and ignorance.

Yes, you are the preceptor
Teaching me hopes and expectations,
To be positive and optimistic, and to wait
Beyond my place and time, for 'my day, to come;
And act according to the guidance
That I would get, from someone,
Unknown in this world.
And I see how you become a plant
And how you nourish it
With your own blood and flesh.

You hand over your patience and wisdom,
To grow tall and short, slanting and straight,
As you get facilitated, with in the allotted space.
Oh my plants, you are the teacher, in my class two,
For my second lesson, that I studied not to be worried
Over the inconvenience
To get any suitable environment to grow,
That is what you teach your seeds
To wait and go on waiting, in penance.
As your roots and stems, always in search.

And what you do, contradicting the seeds,
That you never wait for someone, to facilitate you,
But facilitating yourself to the earth,
Spreading your roots and stems, as you can,
To reach your food, water and light, your rights.
The seeds, being immovable, have to wait,
To get thrown to the soil
As no way there to decide and create
The ground, for wetting and sprouting;
With the handicaps of its lame, dump and deaf, mode.

Cripple pain, the seeds do suffer and so no alternative, Other than praying and waiting and to stay Where ever it is and then, travel, as destined, as possible; But for the plants, that can move, At least within its circle, rooted down to the earth. As we, all have our own limitations to move and react; And it's you, who taught me the science of limitations Handling favourably and fruitfully, with a positive Recreation and wisdom, given to you by his grace Not to waste the time and space, allotted to you.

You plants, do tolerate the scarcity of water and food, The very minimum needs, while some of you Get watered and fed with proper care by their masters Some Ignored and neglected, outside their garden; Painfully bearing the selfishness and partiality of men, But you never forget to contribute your share, As cared ones, to keep the green smile

And floral welcome, even to the brutes, in this world. But the human foolishness, that is everywhere, With their two eyes, the left and right, That divides the vision into two, the right and left.

We see everything partitioned as theirs and ours, And developing certain gardens, with ownership For our own satisfaction, destroying the other In the name of weeds, (what they don't want). But they too grow and do the same job as others, To fulfil nature's quest, contributing oxygen And vegetation to the living world of organisms. On the roads or rivers, or in the forests, Fences and even on play-grounds and mountains, Growing well, without waiting to be watered.

Nobody to look after the universal greenery,
With a little bit of love and concern, but you live with,
No worries nor complaints;
Nor showing any sort of displeasure,
Bowing down, suppressing all your hardships
And would continue to be alive and green
Even in scarcity and poverty; thou nature, your mercy
To care for the neglected world, is great!
The roots that travel a lot in search of water
And find its own living and to save for others.

Your stem and leaves, create shades,
Take nothing for yourself, but protect all,
Grow slanting towards light, wherever it is,
Without waiting to get it served by others..
Great, your nature not depending,
Nor cursing any one even on wasting
Natural resources on one's ignorance,
But you solve your problems, reviving yourself.
That taught me to be self reliant and inquisitive
To search and find solutions to my problems,

Keeping apart all the troubles and hardships; I too follow your path of tolerance And nonviolence, keeping my roots so strong In my land, rooting my legs, on trust, Receiving the allotted, sharing with others light; Creating an environment of my own, Suitable to live and grow, within my place and time, That is bestowed, by this nature, possible for me, To grow, flourish and blossomed with flowers, For me to be happy and for others, as well.

COW AND CROW

Cow, the mild, friendly animal,
Not only for men, but for themselves
And for the other animals and birds even,
Live in harmony with no fears of war,
With others or within themselves.
The cow knows, that we feed it, as we need it,
For milking and beefing, not waiting for its node,
Not expressing its denials to its master.

And its horns, big or small, sharp or smooth,
Not for fighting, but for scratching its body,
From itching, while grazing on meadows,
Bushes and grass, not harming anyone.
But the virtue of someone, is no cause,
Not to be disturbed, and get harmed by others,
As the intention duties and interests,
Each animal owns, is different, as per their taste.

The disturbance, generally, is not caused By enmity, but by necessity of others, Sometimes, to argue, fight and establish What they want to impose; And the cow is disturbed not by enemies, But by the fleas or beetles, the poor and needy, For their living, as parasites, Depending another animal body, like that of cow.

The 'bird's eye view' we use as a phrase, Not knowing, its telescopic eyesight. As the crow sees the louse or an insect, Within the hairs of a cow with its wide-angle lens, With no microscope to zoom in, but seen Far from the image, with its view-finder. The desire, growing to have a real friendship, For the crow, a scholarly being, with its in-sight. Knowing the famous proverb,
'A friend, in need, is a friend, indeed.'
And the crow starts its mission, killing the call of hunger;
Flying down to sit on the back of a cow,
With a silent nod, from cow, as its permission;
To sit on its back, calmly and carefully;
The crow starts pinching and pricking the cow
To pluck the insects, one by one,

The crow started munching the available snacks Bearing the pinches and pricks, for a while, The cow started enjoying the whole job of the crow, Killing its trouble makers, with a clear vision, That killing is not so cruel, sometimes, if for eating, As taught to all, along with the birth, unto the death; Oh, my God, there will never be a killing, If there be no eating, that we could imagine.

Why do you tempt us, as a daily event.
To eat, my lord, by killing others?.
Why do we contradict our own philosophy
The nonviolence and love, strange to understand
As you create us differently with difference in taste.
With eating as a duty, bestowed with matching preys,
To be cooked or eaten afresh and raw,
Circling in the recycling process of life and death.

The cow seemed to be joyful, on attacking Its trouble makers, the enemies, for the time being And on sending them to hell, the belly of the crow. Yes, belly is the real hell, with all sorts of chemicals And electrical symmetry, working to juice our desires, That causes the diseases and discomforts of body And then slowly spreading, It to the mind as well, if un-cared, in food-habits.

The friendship grown slowly between the crow and cow With no face book of their own,
But they need it, to help and to be helped,
As the cow never received such a care from its master,

Even when watered, fed and patted with love, But not plucking and killing the pests and insects, Living all over its body, to be killed like this, With such a pleasure, not enjoyed so far.

The crow, being famous for its squint-eyes
Observed the cow, secretly throwing her eyes on it
And saw, the cow enjoys it, closing its eyes,
As if not knowing, what the crow is doing;
With no wage to be paid for such a kind service,
Killing the trouble makers, that disturb its grazing.
So also the crow enjoys the snacks, so fearless,
And peaceful, for a bird, to sit on a cow, like this.

Getting variety of taste, free of cost and tension. And getting free service of killing trouble-makers, Mutually benefiting both the cow and crow, Equally complementing each other With no contract, nor with any special effort From either side, to be accounted with. No loss, no profit, in their balance sheet, But an enjoyable deal with no document.

No expense of their own, nor a time waste, For, both are engaged on their on grazing and feeding; We men and women never think the means and ends That favours and fulfils, within our reach, As we sell and buy on the commercial terms of profits, To get more for selling, than we spend for our innings. Just imagine the things available in this universe, What we want and what we don't want.

All these living and nonliving things, in this world, Created not for anyone's greed
But for the need of all who want to live with that;
Let us make use of anything, that disturbs others
And give away what we don't want, but useful for others,
Considering the value of exchange, not on money,
But on happiness and fulfilment; not on creed and caste,
But on living cost of coexistence, and the time.

We can spare and be spared in our leisure,
With a better service, to mankind,
If, put up our needs as an aid for others, to be served
That all can enjoy this giving and taking process,
That is granted with no request,
Nor permission from any side, but a silent nod,
As that of the cow made,
And an active search that the crow makes, for its needs.

THE MOSQUITOES

'Don't run, I will not kill you, As per the treaty, we signed, not to kill you, Nor to bite me, keeping an equal distance. In between a nylon net, that can't be cut and cross'. Oh dear mosquito, for me, your music, I love.

You are the most wonderful being, Singing on your flight, even to bite others That no man or any creature, other than you Can imagine singing, or making noise, Alerting the prey to be attacked, your courage!

Looters and shooters seemed to be Slow and silent, approaching their prey as robbers, and thieves do, to attack. But you, cool and in a singing mood, Arrive at men to ooze their blood out.

Nobody in the world, for you, I know, To care and love you; but enraged And all are determined to kill you On the spot, at sight; where ever you are Alas! you never ceased to exist, the miraculous living.

Your species, the wonderful living In spite of all sorts of cruelty done to you, As no flea, pest or beetle has suffered so far, This much torture from human community, To shot you dead, at the price of your song.

You bite every one regardless of their gender, Doing no service to the mankind, they say, The very false statement, I know, you are worthy As there is no creation of God, in this world, With no purpose, but serve in one way or the other. And you too, I know, serve this universe, Aiding to fulfil the very purpose of this nature To furnish the earth by green-grass, with no honey, To attract honey-bees, for their pollination, For producing and reproducing its genera.

People close the doors and windows, Questioning your self-respect, you keep, By announcing your identity to enter the rooms, With your specific tunes and music, familiar to all, And they start killing, no sooner you enter inside.

But you know, being wiser than men To hide somewhere, patiently Until the lights are put out; And start your job, the intakes of blood From men, in their deep slumber.

All we listen your music, with the same note, Easy to identify and catch you, that you mind not; Your sensor, immense, great, and wonderful, To make sense of men and animal, Where ever they are, at sun-set, you nocturnal!

Even in the tenth floor of a building complex Or in any remote corner, we live, You will reach, covering great distance, Unconcerned of your hardships and travel, You reach and start biting your prey;

Clearly you know, the possible ending your life. Then and there, by the hands of the prey, That never happens to any other creature, As they are careful, in catching its prey, All of a sudden, without being noticed, unlike you.

Men are cruelly, vigilant against your creed. You need, their blood, they know, not a small thing, Although, very little you need, that is not allowed; We know, you are doing your assigned work, 'Intakes of animal blood! for your own existence.

Your bite, may cause death, sometimes, To someone, with malaria, people think, That we can't blame, as all are afraid, Although they may die even otherwise, Without being bitten by any mosquito.

Only the destined, will die, that can't be generalized. As your bites, never affect many others, I know many of them, sleeping in gutters, Living happily, with your bites daily, not knowing What really happens in their deep slumber.

I know, you are not poisonous, As propagated against you, Nor difficult to manage, as we can ignore Or keep away from your attack, so wisely, Within a nylon-net, very cheap to purchase.

How much money, some men, And even some States, spend, to eradicate, Your presence while you dance, Singing political parodies, mocking them, And biting, even the authorities of the State.

I agree, you are impartial, in biting Company owners, executives, and sales-men, For cheating people and making money, In the name of the pesticides, the 'mosquito-killer's, With no use, as it can't annihilate your species.

You know, thousands would be born From your eggs and larvae, While one or two, die in struggle, (As in the political-slogans), men may shout, In their revolutionary talks, with no meaning.

Dead means dead, no revenge upon death No comrade came back, as they shouted.

Not practical for men, not even, one to one, Unlike you, while you create thousands, Ignoring the loss of one or two, every day.

These people know no facts, How you are born and how you live, That this world is wider and bigger, for you, To lay your eggs, and keep the larvae, Safe and secure, anywhere, in this sphere.

Not necessarily be in the specified ditches And ponds, as men think; to destroy such spots. And am sure, you need very little space, For you, to live, and manage your family, Eating a lump of anything, as your daily bread.

You have no intention to save for tomorrow Nor for the next generation, as we, men do. You are short-lived, that you know; And enjoying your life, for the time being, Singing and flying to any extent, to live and die.

And I saw you, sitting under a leaf, Drinking the medicinal essence of plants, Safe and secure, undisturbed by men, at day time. Giving a wrong notion to men, That you travel only at night, not correct.

I am also sleeping well, my dear, Within my nylon net, undisturbed, I think. And I see your efforts, in the net-holes, That some of you attempted to enter in the net, And got strangled in it, I praise you.

For your never ending efforts,
To keep on living, minding not the hurdles
And obstacles, in your front;
Consciously, thinking about your mortality,
Struggling to live at least one day.

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Yes we, men are also mortals,
To be killed anytime, anywhere
With our own devices, we found,
Or with our own foolishness, we commit,
For our eating, and saving for the future.

Men are more selfish and foolish, Creating our own castles and kingdoms. Thinking not the mortality rates, That appears, in the news paper, everyday, With their photos, as dead, on their flight.

Man dies on road, or river, in work-place Or on the railway platform, On their way of captivation, as he thinks, possible, To make all the world nations, Captured under his feet, in vain.

Yes, you are blessed, my dear mosquito, That you have no calculation for yourself, And you will never be thrown out by your creed, Unlike men, falling down, failed calculations, Receive death warrants, unnoticed by his wisdom.

THE MEMORY CARD

How small, thou art, the chip, membranes and veins, within, Thy secret to acquire, keep and distribute this much live-shows The facts, you receive and transmit daily, from birth to death, In many files and folders, sized and numbered so safe to recall.

Thou keeps the past, present and future, this whole universe And far beyond, the solar eclipse, seen and unseen Known and unknown, numbers, figures and matters Concerned and unconcerned, biggest, but smallest, you seems.

My brain, my everybody's brain, working from the stone-age, Time immemorial or prehistoric, the anthropologists name you And compare thy growth with Darwinism and psychic evolution, Not yet revealed the wonders, you create and cover thy secrets.

Even the smallest living being, the amoeba, and other bacteria, Grow and die memorizing to eat live and reproduce by itself Recognizing the ambience and situations to move fast and slow, Forward and backward, accepts and rejects, amazing thy system!

Alzheimer's, thy absence, a disease but thou helps to forget Agony, loath and revenge, disconnecting the past & present And veiling the future, not knowing anything, concerned That affects and terminates the emotions from soul to soul.

The latest innovations and inventions of memory systems, Storing photos, videos and songs, a large number in GBs; As that of the saints and hermits, keeping their minds and eyes, To foresee natural phenomena, calamities, cursing and blessing.

Thou creates and keeps the whole species of living & non living Things of this universe, within an unseen space, in living brain, That sparks in the touch screen, fade in and fade out one by one As we need to regain, or to close the tab to reset the whole.

I see, men in hospitals, fully switched off, from this universe, But living, not recognizing past or present, even dear and near,

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No memories, relations, nor of themselves, but breathing, God! Am afraid of wiping out all in my brain, before I tell you.

Let me finish copying the whole of my brain, the gain and loss, Friends and foes, attractions and repulsions, love and loath; Acceptance and repudiation that I received and stored in mind, For, next genera to learn, the 'Right, from my Wrong', a better life.

Alas, thou stops everything, with in a click, not sounding Even the pips, what mouse you use to log off, with no option To restart nor to regain the memory, with no software to recover Any file or folder, that thou closed the blue sky on my brain-top.

THE ICE CREAM

Sunday, the 'Holy Day', declared by the 'Old Testament'
After the hard work of world creation, for six days,
Continuously from Monday to Saturday, fulfilling everything,
From a ray of light, sea, sky, earth, all living and nonliving
Creatures and objects, a man & woman of this universe.

Holy or not, entertain Sunday, with the hurley-burley of kids, Claims and arguments of cousins and in-laws, pettishness of Grand-pa and grand-ma, along with their illness & their visitors, All in one at home on all Sundays, regardless of their work, They contribute, or not, to the joint-family, but celebrate.

Am the only working woman, and all others are at my mercy, Husband hands over his salary to my purse, to be relieved, From all other duties and responsibilities, as he needs peace Peace at his room with books, pen and paper, for his solitude; Kids know this and start demanding one by one, bothering me.

Kids won't sleep, without getting confirmed, previous night, The whole details of their 'Sunday Special', from dawn to dusk, Outing Spots, hotel or club, beach-shows or water theme-park, That includes, heavy lunch or dinner and an ice-cream parlour, Known from tongue to tongue of its speciality, by friends.

Am angry, sometimes, my husband an idol, only listening, No response on money-matters, yes, true, giving me Whatever is with him, but a word to solve critical problems, No, never he opens his lips, and children won't approach, For fear of his philosophy, despite his love and friendship.

True, he loves our children and me, playing with us also, But no question what is at home, or not, or what next, To console the kids' demands, just sitting with his lap-top, May be a disease, am afraid, as he is not something, Supreme, to close his eyes on daily-domestic affairs, like this. 'Ok, ok, now you peacefully sleep, solaced the children, For my sleep after finishing all odd jobs of the kitchen. In-laws and cousins take Sunday, off from kitchen, As they were there for the full six days, while I am in office, They say, forgetting my tasks, early morning and late night.

See, Sunday off, for me from office only, and here it is Re-doubled with washing, ironing, cleaning, Every households on my head, despite office files. And am happy, kids will be late to wake-up, at least For my peace in the morning time, not bothering at all.

Imagine, the last Sunday at the verge of month-end, With an empty purse, that children know not, nor others, Demanding their means and ends, as my husband smiles off Things as he reads in an imaginary story of magic-sticks; To please five thousand with five breads, as Christ did in Bible.

So I put forward my suggestion, to go to the nearest beach For spending evening, on one condition not to demand Anything from beach, but will provide something simple. They agreed with no applauds, and shouted for Ice-cream; And started crying for its types and quality, but I kept silent.

But the word, Ice-cream, echoed there in the other room And the kids of in-laws and cousins also shouted slogans, That I can't but listen, as am the only source of income, Not to ignore anyone at home, and then my speechless Husband added his role, 'a family-pack' better for all kids.

Again I heard the up-roars from all rooms, along with elder's 'What can we do with one family-pack, buy three, at least;' AS soon as the first cousin's demands end, raised Grandma, 'I too will have a bite, sweet is the only taste I hold now'; 'True, true, me too feel so bitter my taste-buds," Grand-pa added.

Am at my 'wits-end', whom I consider or whom to ignore And I looked up to my Mamma, she smiled with no demands, As no inputs; kids smelt the negative mood, and pressed, 'Mamma, no excuse, we have to go out,' there comes a pretty girl, My last cousin's wife, 'let us all go', my Hus. supported that too. Out of temper I gazed at him and he withdrew from the scene, Patting the new girl, enraging me, his 'land-slits' towards her And acted myself having head-ache due to official files. But she, the cleverer, patted me to change over the mood And gone to play with the kids, losing my temper out of me.

Then I heard Grand-pa's voice, 'come back soon, with kids, And let our visitors have a share along with their dinner'. I threw my eyes sharply on my kids and they went back, As if convinced my next step of action, 'no mamma, we don't; Feel no taste of Ice-cream, let us play balls inside'.

'Leave them free, if they don't want, but you bring Two packs, for me and Grand-pa, we will have it.' Grand-pa chuckled, I heard, and lost my control, 'Go and study, no more word of ice-cream in this house, No more Sundays, nor any more outing' I screamed.

The kids and the whole home convinced, what I meant The whole ambience, covered by thick silence, except hers, The voice of last cousin's wife, nearing my husband; 'Let us go out and get something for the whole home, Let Aunty, tired; be here, ok?' and caught hold of his hand.

My mind and whole body, become colder than the Ice-cream, Very bitter in taste and colour, refrigerated, beyond the level, To preserve, and get oneself outdated, I imagined myself, Exhausted and good for nothing, comparing to the present girls, Rising to the occasion to befit themselves to the world, they love.

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THE TIME

Alerting myself, in advance, I corrected my wrist watch And the clock on my wall to be timely and punctual, For, all my activities to be started and finished in time, Not to fail any of my daily events, for fear of blames of others.

All the commitments, I marked in my calendar and Added with details and reminders in my Mobile-phone, To alert me before-time of each and every appointments And functions to be attended in time, without fail.

Kept alerted my steno at office, wife and children at home, And friends, associated with each commitments, To remind me everything, well in advance, to be noted And fulfilled in its perfection, in its time, keeping its beauty.

All they did their job, perfectly to remind me everything In advance about all my commitments, outside, as they know, And I could prove myself as active and punctual, in life; As I used to declare in seminars, 'matter out of time, is dirt',

They applauded, not only in seminars, for my speech, But in person, for my timely actions and interference, To reach the targets in office, kids education at home, And savings in my balance-sheet, for the family to enjoy.

But I forgot to tune me and get me up-dated, With knowledge and power to understand myself, With regard to the needs and limitations of others, That I never assigned any one, or alerted in my phone.

So no one alerted me what to do, for me, in time, Without delaying or failing the daily schedules of opening And closing of the windows and doors of my heart, Not knowing where to open and where to shut, it stuck.

I teased my sub-ordinates and got angry with them, For not keeping punctuality or for their small mistakes, They did, that could have been corrected otherwise, By consideration and love, I realized later, as they left.

I got furious with wife, for bad food, sometimes due to My own ill-taste, on my loath and anger on other cases And I scolded my children, very roughly, for indiscipline Of any sort in their games at home, made them sad.

I couldn't get me, as I am adorned as Robot, keeping Time and money for others, but not serving myself With humanity and wisdom to discriminate, 'to be or Not to be' in my care and consideration on myself.

Anger made me out of sense, leading to insanity, And insanity loosed my sense of humour and I started Forgetting things, even if it is alerted in my mobile, As no PA, nor wife and children to keenly attend my sense.

By and large, I lost my intellect to sense what is right And what is wrong or to segregate the vices and virtues, Losing myself fully from my body, that I couldn't see my Clock or wrist watch, so close to me due to over-sight.

Keeping time, I realized, not for time-sake but for humanity, Did I have generosity and love, Interrogated myself, no; That created more enmity getting my time failed miserably Converting friends, as foes, and became neglected by all.

Negligence made me mad and violent, that caused me Barred and imprisoned myself in my shelter, with no clock Nor wrist-watch to remind me about the time to go back As there was no question where to be released or when...

Lost is lost, lost forever, and the lost is not equal To what we gained nor what we may gain, that never Compensate the loss of the days, gone, the fact of time That never ends nor begins with thee or me, here or there.

No clock would say, nor the sun or moon be witnessed The passing-out parade of thy time-pass, means and ends

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Changing everything, but not changed by itself, Moving forward, the regular path, not to turn back, even once.

The clock that moves only clock-wise, not thinking back. But we, the human mind should go back, anti clock-wise, In return from each clock-wise run on its own axis, to know, How far we ran and to examine, if it was fruitful or futile.

THE BOOK OF PEACE

THE BOOK OF PEACE

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SADDAM HUSSEIN

Magnanimous, by name and fame,
By health and faith of a nation, most powerful
And dominant on his own will and wish,
Walking on royal robes, more than that of a king;
Died, His Highness, Saddam Hussein,
With no honour to him, nor to the state,
Nor to his courtiers, soldiers, nor for his family,
But for some others, the so called enemies,
Who captured, tormented, trailed
And hanged him to death, with no mercy or respect.

'Oh! the man of destiny!' loud cries of the militants,
That he never heard, the shouts and screams
Echoed from all quarters, with an uproar,
That filled over the soil-hills; and reverberated
All over the world, away from Iraq
'Gone back, gone back his days and rules
That filled the world, with a mixed feeling.
The whole state was on his orders once, moving around,
He ruled over his kingdom, with no fears, nor worries
Defending, series of war after war, that shook the world.

Fighting to win with the power of the sword.
Challenging and defeating the envious looks,
Talks, weapons and orders of the world
Around the globe, they stood against him;
But he felt not fatigue, nor exhausted of
His mission to save his country and men,
From attacks, that thundered and bombarded
From far off nations; and from his own corridors,
No money could buy him, nor a power, to yield on
As he lived with no question of money and muscle.

His palace was beautiful, rich and comely to live, Guarded by soldiers with proper nuts and bolts. Even the water and air, formless and colourless, as they are, Conditioned, by his majesty's orders, as no rat

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Could make a hole, nor an elephant could move, Unnoticed by him, or without his fair orders, to move on. He loved and was loved by the nation, so deep, Addressed as Lord Saddam, his majesty, the lord of Iraq, So visible, a castle of his own, guarded by the soil terrace, That the western wind, playfully made, with oil belts.

The soil, no doubt, is beautiful,
Playfully making terrace after terrace,
The ups and downs, by the force of the wind,
That blows north to south and west to east.
Rowing, and beating one by one,
By its own whims and fancies; deserting, the desert,
Just as children, playing in the river-banks,
Building and demolishing their playful huts
The soil, seemed to be small lumps, silent and still,
But may break the eyes, if not closed against the winds.

Wind may blow up and down,
Left and right, far and wide...
And the oil, with a very flaxy strategy of its own,
Moving and spreading,
Flat and shady, mirroring by itself,
Going down to the earth, mixing and mingling with
Anything and everything, so lenient,
As it acts to slip and bend, but not with water, so soft
That is everywhere, keeping apart,
Clear and transparent, as it can.

Oil is love, the lubricant,
Even to the rough and tough
Soft and soothing to smoothen the hard cores,
Even to blend with rust and dust
And with the metals what so ever!
Oil and soil, nurtured by none,
Not sowed nor watered,
Not even cultivated by any man's vision or mission.
That exists and survives by itself,
The nature's bliss! that exists here, forever.

And we, the fools,
Bargaining the prize of oil and soil,
That was here, and that will be here, in this world
The wealth of none, but everyone's,
Before the birth and after the death of a man,
It goes on from hand to hand, transferred and sold
That a normal man can't see, nor sense
With or without the golden crown!
No rule is there,
Nor any violation of rules accepted,

Targeting a King of a nation
By the force or law of other nation,
For no reason concerned, of them.
The democracy, that permits everyone,
The known style, of self-regime,
At least to show broadness, in smile
Hiding the fascist thoughts, to invade a nation
And kill a king by someone, not concerned,
That was a passion of hunters and conquerors,
In the stories of the past, but not at present.

But the plan was ready with its blue print,
That never failed, in any treaty of action
To draw his figure as Saddam,
The king of a well oiled soil of Iraq,
Getting his head down,
Down to the soil, they wished.
And ticked him, as number one,
To be caught and killed, for no treason;
And to be wiped out from his own soil and oil.
As his power may hit the power of others.

'He would change and strike the world so bad,'
They thought, as he had thought of his neighbours, once,
And fought against them in hot war.
The sound of missiles become closer to his ears
And his majesty's, power and money, in vain;
The mighty force of a nation that roared
And acted far and wide, and the threat, so fearful,

Reached at once, to Saddam, and he left the palace, With no kith and kin, no soldiers, nor any dear and near To follow him nor to assist him in the emergency;

Saddam, the powerful king, hidden himself
In a small hole, like a rat, for fear of his life
Feared and trembled even by the sound of wind
Or at the soft footstep of a small cat;
Lived with no food, no servants, not even water to drink,
In his own land, for days together in the soil cellar.
But no hole, no mountain, nor the terraced soil hills,
No walls or forts, nor any excuse could veil a man,
As the sword, unseen, hanging free, may go to any hand,
To act as a tool, marking his track, where it should end.

'Saddam was caught, with orders of the sword;
And was barred, for no reason to Iraq
As he ruled and saved his country,'
Says a soldier of the soil; but for others,
Who foresee the fall of the universe,
'As he crossed the roads, on his rules
Caring not the barricades', they say,
As if the traffic post, with no police,
Would blast, if he drives, they imagined
As he did to his enemies, once in his neighbourhood

Saddam was taken off board,
And presented before the court of 'Justice'
The justice of the butcher,
But not that of the prey, as cat and rat,
That the cat plays with the fate of the rat,
Mercilessly pricking, pinching and biting,
To see the blood drops, drip down from its face;
That happens everywhere,
And always like that, the human fate,
Until and unless, destined otherwise!

It is the sword, unseen, That hangs over the head of everyone, Silent, and smiling, on the rule of the road, But not of the vehicle, that can't make 'left 'to 'right' And 'right' to 'left' as it alters, either side; That comes and goes on either side, His right is right and left is left, on one side But no stable poles to decide, The same left as left, every where While turning the other side of the road.

The more we move towards the left,
Becomes right, and the more we move
Towards the right, becomes left,
Encircling ourselves in the "global round"!
We make tools even to mould another tool,
Not knowing to make one, that moulds ourselves
And not known the rules, of the world,
That blends the cause and effect, ruling out
The rules, with wrong notion, to run after runners
And win after winners, falling unto the sun-set.

Lights on, and lights off, is no duty of the bulb,
But the power and switch, or of the source of power,
May decide together or alone,
To switch on and switch off, to Illumine or not
With no question of bets and bargains...
Yes, it is the dark night,
That you need to bother nothing
Nor any one seemed to see you,
As you were in the lime-light;
'Let us sleep, thinking of no war, but sleep in peace...'

Now he sleeps with no star on his shoulders
Nor a cap on his head, no passion, no revenge at all..
Saddam sleeps waking Hussein
And Hussein sleeps alerting Saddam, the half, half.
The conscious, and the sub-conscious mind,
That would say to him, 'one would find his end
With the same sword that he took to win others'.
'And we saw his end, definitely with a sword,' to confirm,
The nature's law, 'as you sow, so shall you reap'
To make him sleep, peacefully, with no sound of bombs.

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No title on his chest, 'The leader of a nation!
The supreme of Iraq,
Stopped all his wars, forever,
Closed his eyes, not to classify the friends and foes
But to end the enmity, for ever,
And signing the 'stop-war treaty!
Not identifying with nations,
But with men, and their hopes
To sleep in deep slumber, the everlasting peace,
With no sound of swords and missiles any more.

WAITING FOR SOMEONE

Recall the cradle days of my childhood, waiting for my Mom Restlessly, crying and falling asleep until she arrives at dusk. Retold my house-maid, with her own colourful words on my sad, Helpless, vomiting and tired face, not digesting any food she fed.

My out-burst, as she described to my Mom later, was so painful Although accustomed myself slowly to my Mom's schedule, Leaving me in the hands of our house-maid, no other option For her, to earn daily bread and butter, to feed herself and me..

Jumping, dancing and talking dramatically, the house-maid acts Various roles, in vain, to make me happy; but I cried, 'mom-mom' With no interval whenever I am awake, until the eve, she comes, And trained myself to wait and wait, at an early age of my life.

Recall my school days, waiting for pipe-water, that comes late To wash myself and then waiting for the milk-maid, for a coffee, Listening to assist my Mom running to office, with instructions, To finish the unfinished work and then wait for my school-van.

Waited silently in morning assembly-prayer sessions, at school Dining hall, water-cooler, play ground and even in toilets. And impatiently waiting for the last bell, to leave the school, Reaching home, I sighed waiting for my Mom, from her office.

Naturally grown up, and listened to the love stories of my friends And found, how my friends fell in love, leaving one after other, Queuing up themselves in the line of lovers and inmates, Where I too seated my self in the queue, waiting for my damsel.

Found one at last, a natural fall to my line and taste, and go on Waiting for a glance, on road, bus terminals and seminar halls; Not knowing where she will be and who she is, an austerity, The satiety of love, the sugar-coated capsule of bitter time-pass.

Waited for the sound of the specific train, she travels, The car-sounds, when she drives and the foot-steps, Nearing home, that I can see with my ear waiting and waiting Only for that sound and signs, once, near my window-side.

Long waiting to get away from the campus for a dream-job, To marry, hopping a free life, away from the parent's grips. But, alas! Not known that was a starting point of a renewed Fall in line of waiting and waiting to get things done in time.

Waited in the hospital corridors, to see the new-born babe, Then for its growth, inch by inch, health, schooling, Campus education and a job hunting for his satisfaction, The long awaited scenes, more hazardous than for someone.

Waited long for a promotion and waited for an official loan To plan and finish the construction of a small house And for an applaud from my family for my hard work, at home To make them happy and safe, getting free from burdens.

Yes, waiting and waiting, the whole life for something or other And waited for a retirement from office, hoping to get me free; Being professionals, my daughters, ignorant in child-care, And me, the baby-sitter at home, waiting for their return.

Myself made me failed in games, to declare the kids' success, Accepting and rejecting as they needed me to do, to win over. The small kids, naturally became mine, as parents lack time To sit and participate in their monkey-plays, the mask-games.

All of them grown up and left me and my wife, apart and alone, Here in this doom, to count down our months, days and hours Waiting and waiting for his highness to catch hold our hands, Wet and cold, drained out all our dreams and other expectations.

It's a long waiting, uncertain and nonconclusive, what next, To be transformed to the other world of eternal peace, leaving All my assets, credits and debits, no one to escort or to guide me, Waiting your footsteps, closer to me to catch hold and run.

MY ONLY COMPLAINT TO GOD

Not only of mine, but everybody's complaint, it is; The believers and non believers, theists and atheists, The Buddhists and monks, Christians and Muslims, The socialists and democrats and even the secularists, And dictators tender their complaints against thee, That I can't bear, as a firm follower of thy ideas, my God!.

Thou appear very late, always, and not appearing, Sometimes, even in late hours, we feel ashamed, Thou so lazy, to award the rewards or punishments, To the concerned deserving fellows, in our chart And they say, thou art so cruel, sometimes, as you Punish the virtuous and award the wicked, no justice at all..

Thou art God, the only perfection, we expect And why, thou unnecessarily be blamed by all? Am not God and I am blamed, for no fault of mine, And even for doing good things to others, sometimes, As I know, one can be blamed, unconcerned of The virtues and vices of the deed, he may or may not do.

For me, as a man, no way but suffer; but not for God... But you smile, even on blames, that I can't digest, As you are blamed for that too, that you smile, Smile and go on smiling, whatever is asked With no word, no reply, positive or negative. And this much silence, can't be tolerated, at any cost.

You were not like this, I know, thou spoke much, That I heard, from the epics and old testaments, And it was your voice, that came into existence, 'The first word, thou spoke, we listened to thee, That was in darkness, this universe, and thou alarmed, 'Let there be Light', in your sound, and spread the light.

We started viewing the world, and thou felt it good, And disappeared, with your vanishing magic, Keeping on alerting us with your words, from far off; Now, I tell you to light up and reveal the facts, At least true or false, in each case, we face here. With rouges, robbers, thieves and cruel bruits.

Look here, Lord, the criminals, smugglers and killers, Live happily, making money and spending it, lavishly As they like, doing all sorts of mischief and mistakes, And some of them, even the rulers and administrators Giving more hardships to their folks, the poor and helpless, In paradox, disciplined and obedient, living with prayers.

They do suffer, for doing no harm to anyone, but see, What happens here in this world, deviating the line of justice, Even in courts, and police stations, as they feel, To save, and protect the real culprits, , with no trial Create loopholes and get them free, giving chance To continue the same criminality and theft over the poor.

See, how they overpower the innocents and helpless
To conquer the whole world, claiming it as their own;
And the poor plaintiffs, tortured and troubled,
By the brutes, defending their crimes,
Using the loop-holes in law and order, we have stories
Thou lets grow the evils and devils, as that of a palm tree;

Letting them grow taller and taller, and bigger and bigger, To make a heavy fall to end them forever, not to rise up again And we are impatiently waiting to see, the brutes to fall, As in your old sayings, letting the sinners to be in your hell. Oh my God, You smile again, with no answer, on crimes, For the criminals, threatened the whole world, so horrible.

Bombarded, burned and up-rooted the whole world,
Toppled down the 'world orders' of man and his life;
And we, the poor folks can't live here, any longer,
For fear of the war they create, while thou closed your eyes,
Seemed not seeing nor knowing anything of this sort, oh God,
Thou appear in some cases, at least stop this meaningless smile.

Visit our courts, to show some evidence to prove the truth, In the parliaments of nations, to vote against criminality And wars, creating on the fake urge of the defence mechanism, For their nation, developing different weapons and bombs, To kill each other, that too, to be declared, a crime; What defence do we need, as long as you are here.

Who would do more, than what you do here, Deciding the right and wrong to protect the whole. See, there was a saying in our nation, in the good old days, And we made it by heart; 'Americans know not what peace is And the Swedes know not, what war is', a very old saying; But a true one, America in war always but Swedes, for peace.

Many big nations, and even some poor, keep on The major part of their budget, for making and buying Weapons and war accessories and for the war-activities. But for others, no fund to cope with other needs, even to live, And they do presume a peaceful life, no war with others, For them, the hunger and thirst, sharper than any sword,

A real war begins at home, to be put out first, From our own minds and thoughts, to become broader; God, thou being the supreme of the world, It is not fair, for you to keep silence in this strategy, Getting this much complaint against you And keep on standing in front of us, with no light or sound.

We expect thee, not as a plaintiff nor defendant, But as a speaking witness, re-acting to the verdicts, Agreeing to the 'right' and denying the 'wrong' Considering the arguments against you, in 'Supreme' Court See, we men, are your subordinates, but, the majority, Your own creations, standing here with proof against you.

World-wide criminals, we produce in your court of justice, For your attention, as the properties of evidence; Thou art one, the only one, keeping silent with no arguments For or against! What is this man? (oh sorry, Mr. God,) Keeping mum like this, with a an everlasting smile, As if in a beauty contest of fashion show of ignorant girls?

Why do you put yourself in a stand-still,
Not doing the needful to change your attitude;
Thou moulded Alfred Nobel, the great,
Highly talented, knowing the science of explosives
And its power to burn the whole world;
For him, the knowledge, not for destruction, but for peace.

Nobel longed for the perfection of creative sense; And so, he kindled the light of knowledge and peace Fully filled with pleasing wisdom, thou gifted him, To enlighten the world, as a friend and philosopher, Reputed with a title, 'the man of peace, forever, And for your peace, you have done a good job!

Yes, break your silence, and please interfere And involve in the problems of the world To eradicate, robbery, violence and to stop The petty, pick pocketing on the roadside, at least To make our people feel safe and secure. And clear our road, out of theft and robbery, please.

No excuses, that I like not, as you taught me, Not to make excuse and thou may express thy schedules, With reasons, for your late coming and un authorized absence In the court of justice, avoiding even the last minute arrivals, That we don't want to see anymore; as we naturally feel, 'The matter, out of time and place, is dirt', that you know,

Thou should do things in time, not bothering others.
As we are fed up, repeating the very old text,
'Truth comes, but late' for the last many years, uncountable,
Not knowing, the indefinite late running of your clock,
And my life finds its end, repeating the same; expecting,
Your appearance in time, with no more summons to this court

People started asking me, when would thou be seen, Tell me, the answer to my folks, waiting for the truth; God, thou understand the fact, very serious,

That many of us are furious and lost temper against you Some of them even started denying you, gazing up on me, And started stealing your idols and destroying the temples.

Only gold and silver, they say, 'there is no God at all, And me, frustrated, speaking and preaching on behalf of you Very often for the last four-five decades, to prove, otherwise, Trying to establish your might and wisdom, among all of us, Quoting the natural phenomena calamities; storm, rain, Rivers, lakes and sea, as your inter-actions and creations.

But failed, miserably myself, for the innocents died, In storms, fire and floods, and on road-accidents Leaving the rogues and robbers, safe in their bungalows For my folks, to laugh at me, and ask roughly 'Where is your God?, mocking me, that I mind not, But it seemed affecting my patience in indefinite waiting.

Am afraid, my firm beliefs on your lordship, may exhaust And tempt me to join the other group, that I don't like, To propagate against your will, difficult for me to follow them. And it should never happen, as I know well, you would fail, if you continue to stage the same 'hide and seek' play, again, As am sure and certain, exactly where you are, within me.

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MISCHIEVOUS MOTHER

No doubt, it's cuckoo, your famous singer, That cheats, laying eggs in the crow's nest, For a foul-play to hatch her eggs; And being very poor in arithmetic, Knowing not the progression methods, To find out the eggs, added by the cuckoo, The poor crow broods over it, Very carefully, as on its own eggs.

Laying eggs is very painful, for a mother-bird Same as that of our women's delivery, With much care from doctors and family members, Once in a while, but not daily as birds do; And they do it alone, with none to care and attend, Bearing and suffering many days, each season And brooding over, three weeks with patience, To get it hatched, not getting damaged or stolen.

Cuckoo knows all these hazards,
The hardships to get the eggs hatched and baby-sitting
But not ready to bear it, on its own shoulders,
The duties and responsibilities, or the pain
And so wisely lays the eggs in the crow's nest,
To transfer the troubles to some one's head,
Finishing everything with the eggs, not bothering,
Hatched or not hatched, or to bring up its kids.

Some men and women do, the same,
Here in this world,
Letting their children grow, as trees and plants
Grow in forest, cared by none,
Suffering the natural calamities, they grow;
And some women brutally avoid or sell their child
Some do not allow them to be born even;
Nor do they educate and bring them up.

May be their own foolishness, Cruelty and brutality that they live, Not caring for their own kids, disobeying the rule, Thy nature, insists to sustain the world orders, For the benefit of the whole universal living. But, this bird cuckoo a special species of birds That experiment with own eggs and kids, To be thrown away to the hands of its fate.

The small kid of cuckoo, not knowing its real mother, Feeding and brooding over by a crow, as its own kid, Looked after, properly and timely, sitting and watching always Not moving far away from its nest, To guard on its kids until it start crowing and cooing, In their different tone and accent, as per their gene, That the mother-crow can't identify in the beginning. But the gene is gene that none can convert or ignore.

None is forced to behave, in different orders,
Other than that of the gene, the wonder of this world,
As the truth is truth, that can't be denied,
Nor to keep in disguise, or hidden, forever.
The crow, cheated in size and shape of eggs,
Realizes the truth, later, on the by-pass way of time,
Finding one of them, not crying as other kids,
But cooing like a cuckoo, not related to a crow.

Listening the 'coo-coo' sounds instead of 'crow-crow'
The mother-crow naturally gets enraged,
That no one can tolerate cheating and encroaching
The motherhood, for no reason and starts attacking;
The poor kid, the stranger, that suffers its mother's mischief,
Unknown to birds and animals, ever they are;
But it happens to civilized men and women, more often.
Thrown to the child help-lines and the orphanages.

Child-care establishments exist, due to the mother's mischief And ignorance, not knowing the consequences Of abandoning the child, to some one, not known, Nor with any motherly or fatherly instincts; As the word orphanage, proclaims the family anarchy, Motherless and fatherless, but of everyone, with no love, Forgetting own blood, they are destined to live and grow Against the storm and rain or the frost and heat.

Orphans are like plants and trees, on roadsides. Tortured, tormented and harmed by, the passersby, As they can't accept as theirs, but of someone else, The public property, claimed by everyone, but of none. The abandoned child, not knowing what to do, Is forced to obey all the masters on the runway, Just for quenching their thirst and hunger; Obeying the orders of others for their daily bread.

And the departed mother, we find them,
Weeping later, in vain, as already departed,
Beyond their identity and love, not given in time.
The child weeps in the beginning and the mother later,
On their sad child-hood and mother-hood,
Weeps and weeps on, unto the end of life,
In search of something precious, but not known,
As our cuckoos do with their shouts and cry's,

We mistake it, as their song, the melody.
We poets the fools, not thinking the pain of a bird,
Thrown away by its mother and attacked by strangers,
How such a bird, an orphan, can sing!, think at least!
And find the fact that birds cant singing,
Nor do they have time to sing,
In the midst of hardships to collect and eat
The every-day meal on their every-day search.

And to build a nest, warding off calamities
To their eggs and kids with a far of vision.
Ok, let it be a song, as our lazy men think,
While drinking and eating, as lotus eaters do
And sing the songs of no meaning, unlike this bird,
Not drinking nor eating, but waiting for its mother, to come
They, the cuckoos, not singing, but weeping,
Calling its mother, may be the elegy of the orphans.

Under the threat of life; they sing a never ending Song of solitude and melancholy, the agony, For themselves and others to listen and to be listened, so painful, For mothers and kids to depart or to be departed Telling lies, endless, to safe guard nothing, but pride, A sad story of cheats and mischief's, with no end, Going on acting and re-acting the same pathos, The never ending story for love, that painfully ends,

MAKE UP THE MIND

Getting tender the skin with hot water
And having a bath in steam, sometimes
Using all sorts of lotions and creams
To soften the body all over,
We, the actors and actresses of this world
Commence the daily life, with a makeup on our face;

Puffing, pasting and painting with packs, Powders and plums, collecting all sorts of cosmetics, Chemicals and herbals, ground, powdered, And pasted, to pack the face, filling the holes, Covering the shades and wrinkles, Posing young and beautiful, as one can.

Our looks and attire that adorn something, Than that we really are, we feel. Good, we have to feel good of ourselves To make our confidence level, higher and better, To do anything and everything, perfectly And let us keep on, beautiful and nice, to be seen.

Unfortunately our face, not a canvas to draw And paint pictures, to keep it as drawn forever, Glassed, framed, to be nailed it on the wall, As we do with our picture, so enlarged and shown. We move, we walk and sometimes run even, Forgetting the polish, we did in colours.

Face and body, we throw open on air As per our urgent need, at home and out-door, And some, do not move, I agree, They sit within their bungalow or car, they have, For their pride, like dolls, in our showcase, With a ready-made smile in the painted face.

See the picture, whatever it may be, that lasts As far as the canvas remains safe and clean And the picture is lost as the colour fades Or on the very damage of the canvas, Dusted and torn, so also our face as well, That may dim and fade, become pale and veiled.

Our emotions and feelings, on and off, Just like the colour changes, that occurs, in seasons. Makes shades and curves on our face also; Better, make up your mind, before painting the face, And select a suitable media, for the mind, That it demands, for the time and place.

Water colour, oil paints, mural or mere pencil, Select, before start pasting and painting, As per the canvas, your mind, needs For a better and long living picture, In our canvas, that shows the face, Adding the colour of various emotions.

The face can't be nailed as that of a canvas, As the canvas is still and silent, with no emotion That gets life only when the picture is drawn, But our face, changing its moods so often, And we paint it, adding colours, Suitable to its expression, in one mood.

That may not suit other moods and feels,
Occurring and changing on and off;
Even without our knowledge and permission.
Just think, we start our make up
With high dreams and expectations
And on our happy mood, to be presented.

But that feel and mood may cease to exist On some event or accident, that happens otherwise Getting our 'make up' fails, as the mind gets upset. Our face, certainly, is the mirror of our mind, As we say it, the face, that reflects, Always what is in our mind, the pain or pleasure. Then why can't we attempt, to make up our mind, That is possible and easier than painting the face With wrong colours and pastes, that never sustain, Nor matching our mental state, time to time. The mind, that is mighty and powerful May fall down, with any disease or depression.

And the same will express itself in our face,
That can't be wiped out with any powder or packs,
Except straightening your mind, treating and curing
The disease and depression, not with drugs,
But finding the cause to root out the fire,
Caused by feelings and emotions
That dominates within our soul.

Clear it, rage or violence, arrogance or cruelty, Hatred or revenge, that creates its own drawings In our face, that contradicts the 'make up' we used; Costly cosmetics, and herbals, Spending time and money, care and concern, Become waste, if lost, the presence of mind.

Easy to get lost, if afraid or being threatened,
Or engaged with shameful deeds and events,
That make scratches in our mind,
And get exposed on our face, that never be removed
The black marks, until and otherwise
The mind gets cleared from such troubles.

Better, calm ourselves and get cool-down,
To root out the very cause of ill-feels,
The emotions and events, the unreal,
Casting you out absolutely, from your mind,
What so ever, enmity, pride or prejudice,
Than, covering your face with packs and colours.

Yes, agree, can be corrected, the form and size, If we feel thin or slim, fat or stout, Beyond the limit we feel of our body, That can be structured, by trimming or shaping;

But reshape our body and face, Only if our mind need it and feel OK.

Getting cured, the disorders and diseases, Repaired or framed with clothes and pads And reshaped the whole body or any part of it, Adding or cutting, as we do it in paper and cloths By proper medication and treatment, On the advice of a doctor or by controlling the diets.

But no medicine, we find for envy and arrogance, Nor for our pride and false prestige, That may affect any one, at any time, As the petty mind of miserliness, That can never be cured, with medicines, What is exposed identical with our face always.

Projected ill-feels, make all our make-ups in vain That no one can hide it from the face, As it is the mind, that is expressed in face Let us remove easily, that too, by a refill Changing ourselves with generosity, Kindness, mercy, sympathy and empathy.

Let us broaden our heart, to give and take, all alike To make our face change, with the changed mind; It is our mind, that we must know, That reshapes the face, and not the powder or packs; But with comfort and peace, regardless of the colour, Size and position or its gravity, in the society, we live in.

Let us make our mind beautiful, pleasing and comely To smile broadly, with no hidden agenda, To love and to be loved, always, by the dear and near; Just wash our face and come with a fresh mind, Washing away all the devilish thoughts, that harm, And find us beautiful perfectly, within us.

Let us present ourselves, beautiful forever; With a light makeup in the face,

C.P. Rajasekharan

And a better wash for our mind, as well To show us, as ourselves, courageous and truthful, Keeping a perfect love and confidence, inside, Not affected by our own false words, thoughts and deeds.

And let us make up our mind, before Washing and powdering the face, to show A better person, that is within us, not purchased, But attained by universal love, the abode peace, The never ending secret of our beauty, The beauty of behaviour, that keeps on smiling...

TEETH AND TONGUE

'Protest with "tooth and nail,
The very expression, that you make, is wrong
As we, the teeth never express, any likes or dislikes,
Nor any revenge as we are keeping apart
From all controversies and claims;
The very imaginative story,
You can write is, about us, the teeth,
That you and everybody have.

Mostly uncared, and left with no attention, We are hidden, covered by the lips, Those are beautiful, covering the filthy waste And food particles inside, days together But claiming the strength, to keep the lips smiling; Tooth the least bothered entity of our body, The only limb, that never reacts, Never laughs nor weeps, but keeps silent.

Getting much praise and awards
For smiling and weeping, done by the other parts,
The eyes, cheeks and lips, that express the real feel,
But not we, the teeth, just keep sitting in our seats
Look, you have seen skeletons, still and silent,
The concrete human structure of bones
That never act or react, if not connected with
The blood and flesh, the marrows and nervous systems.

And we teeth too, never act or react Nor affected by any movement or emotion, Even if connected with, blood and flesh As it is the jaws and lips that act But not the teeth. as others feel about us; It is not beautiful, as you think, the tooth, If seen alone, without being covered Properly by your lips, that is beautiful.

But the poets praise the teeth along with the lips Comparing it to the smile of the jasmine buds. But the teeth, being concrete and stable, Remain static, as it can, with a cover of enamel. The teeth seemed to be weeping and smiling, As you weep and smile, that is shown outward, By the face outside, playing the major role, And the teeth remain calm and strong as a pillar.

No movements, nor change in its moods
That acts on the orders of the jaws, upper and lower
To break, crush and grind things,
That is trapped in between the jaws.
See the gum, made up of mere flesh that may decay
On any reason or on our own food habits,
We the concrete teeth, may fall down
From the fixed points of gum, that laughs at.

Gum, the tender, flaxy and soft foundation, for the teeth To be rooted strong enough to stand on its own, And keep on standing strong and well-built.

That's why, we, the teeth, are popular in the world, As all television channels and film theatres show, smiles Up and down, the beauty and shape of the teeth, (That has no shape and beauty at all, if seen one by one, Along with the gum, uncovered by the beautiful lips).

It is the trick played by the cameras
To popularize the tooth paste and sell it,
On behalf of the smiling face of someone, beautiful.
See what fools we are! as we don't see the truth.
No fire can burn the teeth into ashes, we agree,
Never be affected or defected, or seen decayed
Even after three thousand years, we see in museums,
With no paste and brush nearby.

And the animals, keep their teeth clean and afresh Not a joke; but fact, that they never brush, Even once in life; they don't need it; Let our money be spent, as we get it, with no tax Lavishly for smiling, with no meaning for others, But for the teeth, that keep on smiling at your end, Whether brushed or not, but with the whiteness, It has, as natural it is, for your benefit.

But smiling, if not covered with lips, is horrible, And the sound, you utter threatens others, As if, done by devils and monsters, with no face; The skull, bones and teeth, the poor beings, Inactive, neither fearful nor harmful to anyone, Even at the time of your anger or fear; That never change their moods, or movements; But being frightened in their true appearance.

The tongue appears, sometimes, beyond the teeth. And you know, it is the tongue, that created world war, And the same may speak of world peace, as well .Just making a twist by itself, Changing the mode of language and its expression; Then the peace, naturally, will cease to exist, By the war, that can be made possible with a tongue, Using it out of place and time, beyond its limits.

Tongue is to lick, as animals show their affection, But something bad and slavery, if man licks That shows, the tactics and tricks for capturing And captivating hearts and kingdoms. The tongue is to talk, as we men and women do, Talking with no license, as we say, is to irritate, The talks of nonsense, dirt and filthy language, Without checking the meaning and context.

Possible to embarrass even the dear and near, By the dry shouts and screams, out of time and place. Tongue-slips, can never be tolerated But can be counted as an excuse, For the leaders of the nation, and for the preachers That they used to feel slipping the tongues Out of the teeth, with no control, sometimes, To go out of teeth and spell words with no clarity.

And it is the teeth that allows the tongue, Creating quarrels and wars by mistake, If not covered and bolted by the teeth To hide its rage and arrogance, with no identity. 'Keep the tongue controlled, to sleep in peace, Avoiding a slap to your teeth, uncontrolled. As the teeth and tongue, united in their action, To control and to be controlled, mutually.

No tongue talks, if fully shut by the teeth,
Nor no teeth bites, not caring the tongue inside,
Without its gum and lips, to cover the truth;
Yes, truth, the truth of tongue and teeth, exposed,
That may threaten, everyone sometimes,
But, the truth is truth, that can never be covered,
By the teeth or tongue, or by the bites and shouts;
The truth of ourselves, is open like teeth and tongue.

No vanity or fancy, but as stable and fair as teeth And as flaxy as tongue, to live long with the truth, we owe. But so sad to see, the whole home sleeps, If the tongues keep silence ,with no talks , Or the teeth start aching, with its sad expressions; As if in a silent movie, with no dialogues nor music; And the face would curve, as serious As acting In a scene of comedy, in tragic moods.

Better, keep our tongue, within the well built teeth Safe inside, moderate, calm and happy With our words, so soft, tender and loving Like a pocket phone, keep on ringing To remind you, you are in love with someone. Yes, the love of teeth for tongue And the tongue for teeth in return, Safeguarding both with no pain, if in its order.

No harm, to be traced, within the techniques,
That the jaws; working for the mutual benefit,
That none can exist without the other,
To show their smiling, the beautiful out-let.
Let us sing, sing a song of love and peace, that may bestow,
Grace and beauty, for our tongue and teeth
And let us grill our rage and revenge, within our teeth,
Avoiding the rough and tough, covering with lips, in grace.

THE BIG THINGS

Had I been in a big house, I thought on a rainy day, Brooding over my childhood-illusions, on natural falls, Dripping water into my sleepy eyes and all around the floor From the holes of my leaf-roofed hut, that I lived in; Waking me up from day dreams of bungalow, As if, in a fairy tale of wonder-lands, and palaces, Where rain may fall drop by drop into my conch of eyes, That may become precious pearls, I dreamt and slept.

Playing in my small, rural-school ground,
Full of trees and plants in the front yard,
With handful of friends and loving teachers,
Knowing them so close, each other,
Sharing everything, dear and near so happy,
But I dreamt a different one, more charming,
That I saw in city-college, and imagined,
If I were there in a big complex with campus-friends

Of course, I feel my smallness in my oatmeal and bread, Walking hand in hand with my Mom and Dad, Weeping, smiling and viewing around the shopping Malls As I perceive myself on my move, asking 'this and that' Whatever I felt, tasted at times in dreams, that depressed, The show-case of chocolates, ice-creams and junkets Had I have a strong desire, growing soon to fulfil What I want, within my reach, with a magic-stick

If I were in a big office, I wished,
Like my Dad, coming once in a month or two,
With gifts and toys for us, getting love
And respect, for his short stay at home;
Giving orders and thoughts to all of us,
On matters concerned about of our daily life,
Earning, spending, living and receiving honours
From all the dear and near, as he liked.

Viewing the small lake, in my village, I thought of a vast sea, the infinite. And climbing up the small hill, I longed to cover up the mountain-tops; Born and living here on this earth, I saw the milky way, upside-down, at my reach, The firmament adorned with stars and angels, As if in stories, I read and longed to fly far off.

Always I was like that, longing for big things
When I was watching anything bigger than that of mine
Growing desire to make even my small body into a big-one,
Like my Dad, tall and fat, skipping the childhood days, so fast.
And slowly I felt, I am growing to that extent, day by day.
I wish, to earn and look after myself, in my styles,
Away from the hand-hold grips of my mamma and dad
Leading me through their roads, rough and tough to bear.

The time went on running in its own circle,
Renewing and reviving the whole nature
Making me and things around me, bigger and stronger
In its form and size, as I wished, but felt tidy,
And inconvenient to handle the bigger one,
That needs much time and money, far from my reach
To be cared and used for a better purpose,
Maintaining its beautiful shape and life, in use.

Disappeared my school-college life, so fast,
Along with all small things and thoughts from me
And became a big officer of a big office
With more problems and hazards to manage and maintain,
The staff-size and relation, the in-put and out-put
Keeping up the office decorum, staff-welfare,
The targets and achievements, positions and developments,
And the graph of yearly growth, risk-factors, all in one.

Changed my family-needs, relations and situations, Becoming more rigid and serious, all concerned That required more of my time & money to be spent Prefer to their day-to-day demands, ignoring myself; And at last, I owned a big bungalow, the dream-home, Under the instalment scheme, a regular payment That I have to forgo, the cuttings of my monthly salary, Making me pressed and squeezed in my balance-sheet.

Wife started striking on her demand to get a Maid servant to maintain the cleanliness And children demanded interior decoration And a garden outside to show off the image That I nodded silently, as I too had dreamt A posh idea once, but not encouraged much; As I'm aware the budget-position, getting too tight To cope with the inevitable house-holds.

Let us think the idea of big, bigger and biggest,
With no satisfactory conclusion of my own
That will never end as there is no biggest
Me or you can find in anything, as every thing
Goes on growing just like our desires
That can add its colour and fancy, as we draw in our mind,
Going on extending further and further
To see the bigger, cutting short the big always.

I realized now, my minimum requirement,
A corner of a small room or a corridor
With a support to read and write and then sleep
There itself, after an ordinary oatmeal, as others get,
Stretching my legs in the available space,
With a clean bed-sheet of any sort, for a peaceful sleep;
No pillows nor any cosy bed I need,
As no more dream to embrace the pillow, now.

Nothing is beautiful, on its size as small or big, As the size and shape matters nothing but use; And all beautiful things become dirty, in fact, If not used properly and conveniently, at heart, For the benefit of personal worth and freedom. Let me recall my old hut with fresh air and water inside, And my little school comfortable to stay and play With my small innocent friends, not greedy nor arrogant..

NOT PRAYING, FOR MY DAUGHTERS

The day, I remember, my wife,
Taken to the hospital, with labour pain,
By myself, a young boy, with no knowledge,
The pain, she suffers,
Nor of her delivery and its hazards,
As she never bothered me;
On such natural pains, she never cared for;
And so I simply waited, for some time,
In the hospital; and left for a public meeting,
As usual, committed earlier, without telling her,
As she was already taken to the labour room.
So natural, that I never prayed for my wife,
Nor for the new-born, to be appeared,
As I had no idea about what happens, next.

I was late to enter the meeting hall,
For my speech, to deliver there,
On the existence of God!
Being the philosophy class,
It was easy to establish,
The existence of God, with proof
That was there within me, always;
And so I found no gap in my speech, to pray;
But established the existence of his might;
Narrating, the conditioned nature,
And quoting the living beings in it,
To make other girls, enjoy the class
In the meeting hall and I left them,
Answering their queries, on man and God.

With no distance, nor doubts, with girls, Encircling myself within the sphere, with a lively Demonstration- lecture, I forgot the outward world, As I plunged into the oneness of Indian philosophy, That I have taught, along with its science. And started on my way back home, as usual; And suddenly I thought of my wife, As it came to my mind, half the way home, That I dropped my wife, a fully pregnant young girl, With labour pain, in the hospital, alone, No one to care and comfort, or to look after. And so, I told the taxi-man to reverse, And to turn to the hospital, Trying to soothe, myself, in the name of God.

I don't bother anywhere as I established,
The very existence of God everywhere,
For the other girls, in the class-room,
Who may also enter the labour room, once
With no idea of labour pain, but my class, I supposed.
Reaching the corridor of the hospital, I heard,
"Where were you? It's over;
There is a girl for you "the young lady doctor,
Welcomed me with the news,
Showing me the room, as I entered the pay-ward,
Where my wife was in deep sleep,
Along with the small kid, that too slept in the new world.
Yes, of course, I loved girls,
And was happy to welcome one more to the list.

Gazed at the bed; switching on the light,
Oh my God! I called Him on my reflex action,
Seeing the child, something, like a tadpole,
With long head and short body, thin hands and legs,
With small eyes, not open,
Beyond my imagination, making incorrect
All my calculations of a female child,
The new-born, that I never had seen, so far,
Any child, within a few minutes after delivery.
I looked at my wife, a sleeping beauty,
And could no longer believe it, as her child,
Due to my ignorance of God's rules, on creation
And his science, making all children,
Alike, thin and short, to be delivered.

Things changed, within weeks

And she became the exact little kid of my wife,
In colour, shape and face, with a little copy of her smile.

Neither a coaching class nor experience, we had, In baby-sitting, feeding and cleaning little kids, But managed, somehow, with the limited knowledge. Bathing and playing, eating and sleeping, The little one kept me always active and alert. Then sprouted the second one and then the third, In the revival and continuity of nature, That made me and my wife, Experienced father and mother; To grow, save and keep on bringing up The family tree, with branches and sub-branches.

I forgot to pray, as usual, working for the family
And working for the public,
Sparing no time in long queue, in front of any shrine,
Considering my concentration in 'work, as a sort of worship;'
I taught my girls various ways to work for themselves
And for others, to keep this nature
Enriched and enlightened, to make our living, joyful;
And am sure, they are doing it, working hard
Complementing the world, they live in...
No enmity, to anyone, I have taught them,
Nor to revenge upon any cause,
Nor did I teach them selfishness or arrogance.
They were brought up in an environment of love,
Tolerance, peace and harmony.

They have to live, happily as a good neighbour,
Helping their neighbours, and to be helped, by all,
Their colleagues and all inmates of their social group,
Even plants and animals, wherever they are in the world.
Taught no cheating, robbery, or flattering, not known to them,
As I taught them, sympathy and empathy alone,
To coordinate and cooperate with their classmates,
I taught them prayers, to include everyone in it
To forget their dislikes and differences.
And taught them to pray only for their proper wealth,
Health and wisdom, to share and be shared
And to live in harmony, with all.
And I told them not to pray for themselves,
But for others, their wisdom and well-being.

My prayers are not for my daughters,
Or for my wife, or to myself, but for others,
For their welfare and broadness
To be in peace and harmony with my daughters
And with all the living beings of the world,
Understanding and caring each other,
Broadening their vision to look after the whole, as one,
One and the same unit of a stage-show,
Within the same light and shade,
Of a single event-management.
My prayers are definitely not for my daughters,
But for their in-laws and their neighbours,
To bless them with, fair intellect and wisdom,
For letting them realize, the goodness of others.

My prayers are not for my daughters,
But for their bosses and colleagues,
Wherever they work, to enrich their heart,
Recognizing the vices and virtues
And not to reverse it for their own interests,
That may affect others, including my daughters
I pray for them to be blessed with real knowledge and vision,
To be truly and timely informed, in proper level,
To carry out their administrative role,
Making themselves, independent,
To carry out their duties in a reasonable way,
And to be impartial in their decisions to think and do
Only good for others with no favour nor corruption,
On any cause and cost, of their own.

My prayers are not for my daughters,
But for the rulers of the State,
Nation and the World,
For energizing the responsibilities of world-leaders
With a fair and reasonable decision,
Keeping up the law and order
Perfectly in their right way of justice and truth,
To be bestowed equally to all,
Justifying the facts and evidences,
Along with mercy and its logic, sensibly,
With compassion, and consideration, to the affected,

That they should follow the world orders
To maintain peace among nations
For the welfare of the whole living being of this universe.

My prayers are, surely, not for my daughters, But for the leaders of various sectors, Caste, creed, religion and politics and to the Social activists of each sector, to be positive. And optimistic, in all their attempts, And not to be destructive and negative, That may explode the whole world order And burn it, along with themselves Annihilating the whole human community, Including their family, The kith and kin of their friends and relatives Innocently living in this world, Not knowing the cruel thoughts Going on, in their mind, to kill and to be killed,

I pray nothing for my daughters,
That is against the ecological balance,
And for the coexistence of nature,
The whole world order;
Oh! God, you know,
I have never prayed anything for me,
But I remember you always, thankfully,
For what you have given to me;
And am contented well, and happy,
Reaching my saturation point;
And let me pray you to forget and forgive,
If I am praying for more than what you can fulfil,
And let me put up my prayers, for the first time,
As humbly as I can, at the door-step of your shrine.

Submitting no money, no milk nor ghee,
Not even some flowers;
As I don't know, which flower you like more
Or which smell, you need to be more fragrant
Just as I select my sprays, to be fragrant outside,
Knowingly keeping your grace inside me, ever fragrant;
That am not getting selective, in flowers now

To make you more fragrant, than what you have; Am not praying for my daughters, or for my wife, But for all the wives and daughters of this world, Oh Lord, the most merciful might and power, Lead thou kindly light to pour down your mercy And kindness, to the hearts of all the husbands, Brothers and lovers, fathers and uncles of this world.

Create men with utmost care and attention, that you can, To make them soft, sober and merciful; Make all your men on this earth, Lovable and loyal, in positive terms With no negation and explosion of thoughts, For no confusion and bitterness in their minds; And thou, mercy may kindly fill their heart With love and compassion, To be bestowed to all women and children of this world And let them live in perfect unity and pleasure. Am sure, my Lord, all daughters and wives of this world Will survive, peacefully, if your men are loving and truthful; And let me depart hopefully to the back-stage, To see and enjoy, what you are doing there.

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THOU BE PROUD, DEAR DEATH

None else can do such an amazing magic, The vanishing trick, so fast, Taking the whole universe, away from men. Within an uncountable time-span, A small fraction of a second, Less than the 1/24th frame-time of a film:

Thou takes away the past, present and future, Wealth, health, savings, name and fame, Thoughts, desires, happiness and unhappiness, Emotions of all sorts, feelings, discussions, and dreams, Friends, relatives, love and loved-ones, Loath, revenge, anger and all types of abomination, at once.

Be proud my death, draining out men's mind and Making brain vacuum, filling nothing, no air, no water, No darkness, no light, no sound nor sight, That I experienced, thanks to you, giving me Chances to realize what thou, death means, Killing me three times, to have my own realization.

And am thankful to you for taking me back, Within an hour or two, each time, enabling me, To write this, the inexpressible experience I had, in-between my life and death; Thou knows well of us, the poets, oh God, The very sentimental and sensitive beings.

We, the poets would like to prolong our life, Expecting, rewards and awards, one after other, Very much greedy, the more we get, the more we need, Hesitating to leave the world, signing the will in poems, Expecting no contradiction in their poems and life, As the readers, not bothered of the reliability.

Poets, of-course, think of themselves, ignoring others As if toiling for the whole world, writing poems, Using strong and beautiful words, in fancy-dress The mere imaginations on events and incidents, that may Sometimes, cover the truth, they dislike, and add, The colourful lies, fallacies and fantasies, they like.

We, the poets, just like a mirror, do disclose what others think, And not disclosing what he thinks of others, enjoying the Illuminated face as per the lighting in front of a mirror, Forgetting the truth that shows the 'right' as left And left, the right, showing not, anything in dark, or Beyond its borders, nor does it show the actual size.

Glorified with colourful creams, the best available Under a perfect lighting set-up, suitable to each frame, Covering the wrinkles and scratches all over To make a painted face, with a recreated smile With no means and ends, smiling just for smiling. Towards the fans, around us, praising the dry poems.

We praise and curse anything and everything With seasoned words and laughter to criticize As per our own likes and dislikes, side to side, With the same thing, at different time and mood. On our own timely whims and fancy, that may match, Or match not, we don't bother, the comments of others.

Thou, alone knows, dear death, my lord, Our praises and curses in poems are the same, With no difference in meaning, as it is Not from the heart, but from the throat, Spitting out the emotions and ill-feels; That we share with, part with and depart.

And thou saved me again and again, from wrong roads,
Of my careless walks, pushing me aside, from death
And permitting me to live on, hand in hand with you,
Not throwing a foul-smile to anyone, on my lip,
And running seriously fast to fulfil the time-bound
Work, you assigned, to be completed before time, thou allotted.

Being true to oneself, minding not the reactions and results, And obeying thy orders of 'the life, living and death', On your path, I follow with your opening and closing–scenes Of the whole life, for a man to end himself, writing off The whole story board of this world, within the time-span, That can never be measured, or count down by oneself.

Not so close to the beginning nor far away to the end, In between the creation and annihilation, Thou smiles, without being noticed by the fools, Like me, the men, running on imaginary wings, Counting the merits and demerits of others, Leaving own responsibilities to others, in vain to fulfil.

My first death, I recall my childhood-solitary games, Throwing stones and pebbles into a domestic pond, To see the ripples, the round-tides, one after other Fade in and fade out, not knowing the beginning and end; Fell down myself and drowned, knowing not what happened And woke up after one hour, anxious face of my mamma, I saw.

The second death, at my 40, in the National Highway, running To see my boss, early in the morning, for a serious discussion To be done urgently, after reaching office, with his approval; That's all I know, falling down on road, and woke up to see Strangers around me, in front of the National School of Drama, Aiding me for two hours, they said, sprinkling water on my face.

And the third death, very recently, at my sixties, around the Finishing point of life, on my way to correct the final proof Of my latest book, full of social criticism and my last wishes To be concluded with a happy end, at least for my readers, Enjoying the life with all ups and downs, finishing the duties For the benefit of others, and closing the file, with a zero balance.

The book, full of my reactions on political anarchy, corruption, Water scarcity, educational atrocity, and general arrogance, Mismanagement of industries and sub-standard medicines, The pain killers, slow killing, the irresponsible judicial silence; As if fighting with pen, I wrote, and thou, dear death, called me, Reminding your scratches and wounds on my body.

Dear death, thy soft and sudden grip, lifting me up, I felt, As if by a Bulldozer and thrown to a big box of darkness, Just for an hour or more, and then I woke up in the hospital-bed, Served by strangers, kind enough to hospitalize me from road, Seen, with no sign of life, under a motor bike, oozing out blood; As the bike-man, they said, ran away hitting me down to death.

I tried to move my limbs and found swelling and injuries On my head, hands & legs with bearable pain; raised my eyes And listened to the by-sitter, thankfully for his description On the whole accident -scene, as it had happened on the road . 'Don't worry, informed your wife, she's coming'; he soothed me 'Am a police-man, on my way to attend my morning-shift;

Have read your stories' added after a pause and he smiled I caught hold his hands, feeling secured on friendship, Smiled back, before finishing his talks, and saw my wife Anxiously running to me, 'nothing happened' he smiled; She ran to my bed and kissed me, weeping on my wounds, Patting and soothing me with much concern and care.

Oh God of death, I thank thee for giving me an idea, How you arrive to take away and give back life, as you like Entertaining me all the three times, the magical enhancement Of drowning, flying to the other world; in the first instance, And switching off myself and falling down in the second time, With no pull or push from any one to make me fall.

The next, very lively event that I memorize, the light of Darkness or the darkness of light, something in between, I felt, I am taken somewhere by someone, no pain, no ill-feel, Off road, nothing of me, a real flight the perfect sleep, I felt. I love you my dear death, if you take me to thee in this flight With no baggage or bondage, a free transportation to thy world.

Realization of nothingness, I enjoyed dedicating all what I have, For a blissful salvation, from mortal to immortal, thou be proud; Getting everyone, surrendered, ending all the worldly concerns, And leaving all claims of ownership, here itself to be vanished; Teach me thy magic, how you make your call of 'Action and Cut' To make us appear and disappear as you wand thy magic stick.

WATER, MY MIND

I wish, if I were something like water,
And let it be water itself, pure water,
So clear, transparent and fluid,
To build any shape and form, by myself,
That I may flow anywhere, and get into
Anybody's mind of any shape, as I like,
Quenching the thirst of any sort, of all the inhabitants
In and around me, living and nonliving
With my soft and cooling touch of love,
The very needful essence of our life,
That keeps on flowing with the fragrance of Lily,
Rose or Jasmine, as they think of their virtues.

Definitely I would form my own brooks
To reach the withered, and the deserts to wet it
And wash away all the dirt and filth
From the heath, mountains and forests
And the whole human body and mind
Keeping away the garbage and waste, thrown by men,
Pressing deep down to my bottom, and
Converting the same into mud and manure,
The food and vegetation to other living beings,
For those, who depend on me and my ambience.
And I would always flow down... down to the earth
And flow down, as tears, sympathetically from their eyes.

I would scatter out the garbage waste.
The dirty thoughts and deeds of others
That they would throw into my body, the rivers,
And get it dissolved into the bottom, as mud,
That could never stain me, am not afraid,
As I would clean myself, to be crystal clear always
To keep me far above the waste, they dump;
And I will rush here and there, as the most wanted
Wherever I am needed, that none can avoid me.
I would come up to any higher level, you need

By accepting the forces and challenges That you apply with all your electric pressure;

Am powerful and the creator of that electricity too
And I would go up and shower down myself again
To anywhere, you wish, using the same power, lenient.
Use me to drink or irrigate your gardens,
Reshaping me as your lake or fountain,
For your happiness and benefits.
I would like to be a stream, pleasantly flowing,
Keeping aside all my worries and miseries
Covered under my giggling and glittering
Smiles and laughter, kept always in my face,
To entertain my people, living either side,
Claiming and arguing for their rights on me.

Their demands on this side and that side,
I would listen and would unite them in my name
Allowing both sides to enjoy the music and dance, I play.
I would hold and console the isolated,
Here on my banks with plenty of water
Giving peace and comforts, forming myself as a lake,
Calm and cool, with my breeze, to soothe you;
And as a sea with no limits in depth and breadth
With strong and powerful waves, vigorous and untiring;
Am sure, you would sit with me together or alone,
Watching my ups and downs, with constant thrust,
Batting and jumping against the odds and obstacles.

My power to jump over the obstacles, would definitely give you strength and courage To face any impediment, with no fear, to overcome it. I would reach every home, sprinkling down myself, To satisfy their wants, to pour down as rain, And to cool their heated mind and heart, Without having any feel of loss, as am sure, That I would get myself filled again, By the next rain, that comes in return, For what I have given to the clouds, By getting heated and evaporated myself With no miserliness, grief or grey thoughts.

Am free to give and take, as spontaneous, as I am,
And made afresh by myself, making others fresh always,
That leads me with courage and control, on my transparency,
To keep my level, the accepted water level,
For balancing anything and everything
That will never go up beyond its limits
Nor to be adulterated by itself
In its means and measurements of this universe.
It's me, the abode of fire, and it's me,
That create and extinguish the fire,
As the power to extinguish, is always left with,
The creator, the science of creation and withdrawal.

Am sure, I would be the image and impression
For you to overcome the obstacles, of any sort
By jumping or humping by crawling or kneeling
To reach the destination, as I flow, unnoticed by
The bunts, walls and forts, created to bar my entry
Beyond their will and wish, but I flow down,
Down to reach the exact place, where I should be,
That our men know not, where I am underneath.
I would re-create myself, by taking from one side,
And giving to the other, as nothing lost, as you think.
I can't keep me static, with no transaction
Unless I am embanked, from my intakes and outfits;

I never save even a drop for my use, with any partiality
As I pour down the whole of my savings for others.
Am not lost by myself, as there is no loss or gain,
In my agenda, for me, the loss is equal to gain, here or there,
Unlike the human needs and wants, those are unlimited
That can never be fulfilled, as the source is limited,
As the more they get, the more they need, the spendthrifts.
And you know, my science, that I am made up of
Two molecules of hydrogen and one oxygen,
With no colour or form, but naturally mixed
And made indivisibly one, that no one can part me,
Or re-create me mixing these three molecules, again.

If joined hand in hand with me and get dissolved, once, Into my heart, they can never leave me, unto my death,

As I keep them at heart, that can't be separated in any lab, Without killing either me or her, as we love each other, Inseparably, so close, and become a compound of oneness, By mixing ourselves in our accepted ratio of each elements, Without looking forward for a profit of any sort, As I love, not to take, but to give and give, giving away The full what I have, and so you need not worry, Am long lasting, in my relations and love-making. As you can see me in the form of the sea, inspiring, And everlasting, embracing you with thousand hands.

I would become vast and omnipresent,
As none else, could close their eyes against me,
As I am born and brought up differently, far before the
Beginning of the world, in the form of carbonates;
And I would change my shape by myself
As you call me, sea, river, canal or a lake,
For the sin and sinners to be plunged in,
To get themselves cleaned and renewed
And revived, as per their beliefs and trust.
Don't be selfish to Dam me, as I would like
To complement you living environment, with greeneries
And flowers of your choice, to make you happy.

Thousands of species of living beings,
Grow flourish and bloom here in this world,
Live and spread all over the earth, through water,
The abode of culture and civilization of all sorts,
The work and worship, and the life and living
Of yesterday, today and tomorrow, forming beside me.
I would always flow, but I would never like to overflow
Or do want to create a flood, if not to wash off the waste;
For me, no intention to appear myself as a threat,
Unless and otherwise, am forced by the calamities,
The pressure, uncontrolled, from air and space.
As I would like to present myself as a symbol of love.

As clean as I am and as lively and flaxy as I am, To touch everyone's mind with a cool breeze to make you React and cooperate, in the give and take policy of love, Letting all living beings to coexist in this nature

C.P. Rajasekharan

In peace and happiness, as I do in my rivers,
That join me, east to west and north to south,
Breaking all the borders, the man-maid selfish boundaries;
Will remain as sea, broad and deep, with never ending waves.
The soul and salt of life, strong and beautiful,
And appear again, shrinking myself into a golden pearl,
The dew-drop, on a fragrant flower, to greet you,
'Good Morning', with a humidity of eternal love, and mankind.

THE PEST, INSIDE AN APPLE

How generous thou art, oh, thy nature,
Putting me inside an apple, the tender,
Sweet scented fruit, my food, well in advance;
Am thankful to thee for tempting my mamma,
For laying her eggs in the apple flower
And make me safe within the ovary, the soft organic bed,
As if, I am at my mother's womb, secure and
Getting me hatched me by an incubator of thy concept,
Bestowed from heaven, created and maintained,
With flowery fragrant heat, the motherly warmth.

Me, became a larva, eating the green apple By the formation of the fruit, that was not sour Nor hard to my teeth, see the small black hole, There I was, with no outing for jokes or mocks Within the apple, the dead cells, not even ripe, For a change of taste, the other part of life. Sooner or later, that I know not, fell unconscious And still, to be a pupa, arresting my movements No eating nor drinking, just sleeping in gloom. Know not how long I was there, in that stage.

Chanting prayers in penance, my mamma
May be somewhere around the tree
Waiting for the new born, to arrive; I know not,
How to find my mamma, as we all, same shape and size,
But a sensor, the smell or feel, may cling to all mothers,
Recognizing own children, wherever, ever, they are.
I know not, who released me from this web,
Out of my pupa stage, with mouth and wings, to eat and fly;
As no other dreams and ambitions, for a pest,
Than eating, flying and playing with fellow beings;

No intention to cheat or beat any one, Unless and until, we are trespassed and encroached To disturb and kill this peaceful ambience that we own; Thank thee, thou nature, making this fruit ripen,
As soon as I started opening my mouth, thy blessings,
That I can enjoy the taste, so sweet, now;
Let me bow down to you, my lord,
For such a calculated wisdom, you have given
To all living beings, an ambience, suitable to live,
And get them born and brought up with utmost care.

Alas! what's it, a bombardment or storm?

Oh, no.. the apple is fallen down in its natural course,
That the tree should leave its fruits, the wealth,
From its grips, for the benefit of others to grow.

Nothing happened to me, my lord, just excited, on falling;
Now OK, am collected and packed, a human touch,
I feel Sending me to my destination, as you destined...

May travelling by flights, ships, boats and on roadways,
With no ticket or visa and reached somewhere,
That I know not, where and when I will be released or killed.

Heard the noise, men and women, loving and quarrelling, Tension mounts upon me, for the first time in my life, The anger in the heart of a woman, as she cuts the apple To serve her husband's girl-friend, that she never likes; And am afraid of the knife, so near to me, my Lord, The lady with a knife, in her rage; is dangerous! Vow! It is the knife that saved me, my lord, not the lady, As her right hand slipped a little, cutting her left-hand skin, Proving the truth, again, 'the rage serves none, but spoils'; And I am safely out, in that twist, as you planned;

Listen, my lord, the wife curses her husband,
For his foolish purchase and the bad apple as well;
And the husband, in turn, scolds the vendor
For selling bad things and cheating people.
Oh God, you know, both are innocent and ignorant
Of my safe stay inside this apple;
And it is the fate of certain husbands and wives,
Beating and blaming each other for no fault of their own.
But the vendors, they know how to sell their goods
Minding not the pests or insects or curses of any sort.

I laughed on the strong use of pesticides, by farmers, That can never kill a pest or insect, within the apple. But the proverb, "an apple, with a pest inside", still exists Referring not to the apple nor the pest, but men, With back-biting and cheating minds, hiding their motive Under a smiling face, that shines like an apple, But stabs like a beast; and let me correct the proverb, My lord, it's not an apple with pest inside; But a pest, flying happily with apple-bags, transporting Themselves, safe as destined, with no harm to anyone.

Oh Lord, we know, none is safe even in bungalows, If destined otherwise, and you know them, Leaving their rich, beautiful quarters, for peace elsewhere. And we the pests realize, no pesticide nor pest can stop Your function, the theory of creation and protection Of this universe and let me continue to fulfil The work, assigned to me, to reach the other flowers, As an agent of their pollination and reproduction And let me see, where I should lay my eggs safely, For our next genera to grow and exist, as you wish.

FICKLE, THE MIND

It's a monkey-babe a comely animal, my mind,
Jumping from branch to branch and tree to tree,
Leaving the father and mother, to play as it likes,
Just jumping and running, envying others
In search of nothing fruitful, to catch hold and eat,
The fruits so sweet, filling the belly and plucking the next,
Just to bite and throw, to see how it falls and roll on earth;
And jump down again to fight with someone,
Who takes its fruit, with no permission,
Although it is thrown out, unwanted for him.

It's a child, my mind, crazy to snatch anything,
At its reach to own and play with, just for few seconds,
Till it find something, more charming,
To throw away the former, one after the other,
Unconcerned of the size, colour, or quality of the latter;
But to play and run with a new one,
Thinking, it would serve better,
And starts playing, again with the new,
As excited as with the others, in the past,
And to break and throw that too, later.

It is sea of emotion, my mind, with roaring waves
Filled with all sorts of feelings and sentiments,
Like different creatures, fighting each other,
To catch and eat, one after the other, for my thirst
And hunger that ruled over me always,
With ups and downs, superfluous and debating
In and out, with my own likes and dislikes,
Tolerance, intolerance, patience and impatience,
Love, loath, anger, and violence, vengeance, and mercy,
Never controlled, storming with waves, above the sea.

Crocodiles, whales, snakes and even colourful shells, Killers and lovers, friends and foes One by one and altogether, fully filled within, Squeezing me to get choked, and waving up and down; And sometimes, vacant, fully vacant, nothing but silence, Neither sleepy nor awake, with a blank mind, Like a small drop, still and silent, undisturbed by wind or rain, Not knowing that move inside the whales or prawns Or as the first rain-drop in a shell, That may turn to be a pearl tomorrow.

It's a jewel box, my mind,
With all sorts of jewels and ornaments,
Colourful pearls, gold, silver and diamonds,
Precious and cheaper, simple and majestic,
But comely to see with my whims and fancies,
Enchanting, my imaginary mind in different formats;
Necklaces and anklets, ear rings and bangles,
As a girl, wearing all these, seen in different angles,
In a kaleidoscope, with pieces of her own glass-bangles,
Broken, as caught hold and embraced, at first sight

It is my mind, I know,
That declares my success and failure,
My happiness and unhappiness,
And even my trials and verdicts
On the basis of justice and injustice, I consider
And that my mind determines, to be or not to be,
I realize, not the truth, of a thing, place or person,
Or an incident, but my mind,
That feels the right and wrong
In anything and everything, concerned of me.

It's a killer, my mind, sometimes,
And I feel myself, cruel, and brutal;
Someone, rude, a very different person,
Sprouts from my mind and getting ready,
With some sort of weapon, sharp and deadly,
Pistol or knife or even a screw-driver,
What so ever is available at sight?
To kill them, who argued injustice against my truth,
And imagine myself, being trailed and jailed,
In spite of my reputation and books, all in vain,

It's a liar, my mind, that forces to say lies,
Even on small matters, not necessarily to be lied,
Just to save the situation or from another lie.
And it's a stealer, my mind, sometimes
That compels me to steal small things,
A pen or pencil or even a flower or plant,
That attracts me, the rich and powerful man,
Blessed with everything, what I need,
A hallucination or kleptomania, I feel
That I know not, what mischief this mind is doing

It's a guide and philosopher, my mind,
Full of preaching and teaching, a puritan,
Filled with the whole philosophy of the world,
Positive, creative and energizing;
But, sometimes, behaves as a cynic or pessimist
And becoming a theist, and atheist otherwise
Nor do I forget, the very needs of others,
Considering man and his life, here in this world
The matter, seen and unseen, and getting confused,
Going on pricking me to do, what I should not do.

No doubt, it's a lover, a constant lover, my mind, Sometimes platonic and sometimes divine, That I love, continue to love, as per my vision and mission, Sometimes, it deviates from the usual path That I can't accept love just for the sake of love. But my mind, that preaches, spreading kindly light, Sometimes, leaving the teachings of divine love, As not seen anywhere in my near and dear, But exists, somewhere in texts, not seen, the contrasts, As I am fond of individuals and things, as my own.

The lover, my mind, is partial, no doubt;
That it loves more girls, than boys,
And it loves the flowers more than the plants,
And the fruits than the trees.
See what contradiction that I speak in seminars
But what mischief, my mind speaks, to me
And what I speak to my wife and children, at home,

To be selective, not in universal terms, But to be particular in their living style, Leaving all my universal concepts of love and life.

It's a forest, my mind, and I see lion and deer,
Wolves and pigs, snakes and rats, tigers and bears
And all sorts of animals, fighting and eating
With various tastes and habits;
The rabbits and lambs, seen, eating grass,
Uninterrupted, that too grows under the big trees,
As allowed in this forest, along with the fox and wolf
That eats the lambs and rabbits, can't convince myself
What law and order justifies this cruelty to poor animals,
That never attack nor encroach on any rights of anyone.

And man, the hunter, if gone to that forest,
Kills many animals, but falls hunted himself at last;
By any animal, for the sake of its food
What mischief, keeping a hunter and the hunted,
Being together, in one cage, the small mind,
To play with their fate, killing the weaker by the stronger,
As I see in television, a small deer, grazing in the forest,
Being chased, attacked and brutally killed,
By the lion-king, unquestioned and unanswered for ever
And the same continues, a repeat broadcast, of this nature.

GADDAFITHE LOVER

The news reports, we heard on Gaddafi,
The head and supreme of Libyan administration,
Most powerful, found crying for life,
Hiding himself in a drainage pipe,
The out let of his nation, for pumping out the garbage,
Decayed, with unbearable nasty, foul smell
That none can even imagine to be there, or nearby;
But he was there, in that filthy cylinder,
For his own urge and hunger to live more,
Not knowing the actual allotted time of the supreme.

The foul imaginations, human mind keeps
To hide oneself in a small hole, as rats do
But for our enemies, more imaginative and clever,
Would find what we do and where we hide
Noticing the unnoticed character and lapses,
Lenient with us, by nature,
But powdered and covered with masks,
Costumes or expressions of that sort,
As a cat carefully gets into the room to steal the milk
And waken the house-hold with the noise of the tumbler:

The news reports, we see in television,
How Gaddafi was caught,
Dragged out of the tunnel, beaten and murdered,
And he met with his end, so sad,
Blood-stained and feared.
Yes, the king of a nation,
As a mere human-being, lost power and might,
On his attempt to escape from his enemies,
Hiding himself in a very dirty drainage pipe,
Caught and thrown to death in the open world.

Alas! The time span of life, not known to any one, Trying to hide, in this open universe, in vain, Not knowing the 'hide and seek' play of God, That may force a king to be the slave, and a slave, the king; And move from palace to drainage or from drainage to palace As every palace is attached to a drainage system. A man of his strategy, the king of Libya, And a lover of fragrance and beauty, With a huge treasure of pearls and girls, Never imagined, to be in such a dirty drainage pipe.

He loved beautiful girls, all over the world,
Keeping hundreds and hundreds, as his assistants,
Wherever he goes, to attend to his needs,
Unquestioned, the report says, to enjoy his life;
Ruling over, as he desires, being a dictator himself,
Speaking democracy for him, but not for others.
But the time, the 'universal time,' running only clock-wise,
That never runs back, but plays its role, moderately,
Pervading consciously and acts in its time, and space,
Already drawn the graph of everyone's life, in its chart.

It tempts us playing the 'snake and ladder'
To tempt us, to go up and fall down
From the peak to the bottom, a sudden fall
As usually happens with kings, the dictators,
And the great masters of the world,
Living with power, money and muscles,
Own likes and dislikes, not listening,
The warnings and calamities of nature,
To stop the foul-plays, at least, before the game ends,
Sitting safe at a moderate height, to avoid a heavy fall.

Gaddafi loved fragrance, available all over the world, The fragrance of costly flowers and cosmetics, Spreading its fragrance around him, always Not identifying the real smell of a man, nor of himself. And the fame, if any he felt, that was invisible, unlike The hallo, we see, around the Gods and Goddesses, To serve the world with an extra-ordinary love, Courage and compassion, patience and tolerance, For them, no intension to establish themselves, Against the universal orders, but save the norms for all;

Not seen any such hallo with Gaddafi, the report says. As he was keeping the fragrance, The chemical smell, created artificially, That too only on the outer cover of his body, Easily washable with his own sweat, and dirt,

That excretes, bath after bath over and again, As masking our face, with imitations, No use, for, the original would certainly kill the imitation, Done with powders, packs, and ornamentations, That can never hide the real input and its outputs.

Enjoying life, if, not noticing the world-orders May make changes within the mask, Not knowing the reality of love and care, To share and be shared with all, to experience The face-value of their leadership; But neither the power nor money that serves, The leader or the people, if not generous and kind, As invisible as the countdowns of the time-span; Impossible, to be at heart, with money and power, If not filled with mercy and compassion.

Gaddafi also lived forgetting his limits and reasons,
Surrounded by beautiful girls of high fashion,
Full of fragrance and dreams, of no facts and figures
With regard to his age, ability and interests,
That may certainly differ from those pretty girls,
Living in the glamorous wonderland of day-dreams.
Beauty, they owned, for these girls, is nothing
But a magnet to attract men for their daily need;
That they can't adjust with own men, or in-laws
Whom they quarrelled with, and left home, to reach palace.

That powerful leader of a nation, the king of Libya Begged for his life, but mercilessly rejected, We saw in television reports, exaggerating it many times, Shedding tears and blood, very pathetic, All over his eyes and face, Offering everything owned by him, that includes, The whole money, power and gold And all these sweet scented women, the glitterati, to his enemies, for the enjoyment of the other group Even without their knowledge or permission.

It's true, every man, with his suicidal rope, Knotted around his neck and jumping to die, Would pray for his life and make a last minute attempt To break the knot, that the life demands; And Gaddafi too, begged for mercy, just for his life, in vain, Getting ready to leave all other possessions and powers As he wished his last breath, to be extended some more. But there is no story, reported for his kindness, Giving life, or relief to the grievances of others, To get it back when he needs it, that he never thought;

Let us forget Gaddafi, as already been murdered And gone back to the back stage of the world; But how we would forget those women, living still, Who lived with him as his friends and servants, Obeyed and followed him, for money and fame, And even posing power with him, On his powerful days, to their neighbours, Friends, well-wishers and relatives even, Creating envy and hatred, and feeling of grudge, As the notorious women of Gaddafi, to be laughed at.

They have to live in the same place, same state, In the same society, as they were, but not in palaces, Very sad, without Gaddafi and his power; Nor the expected support and favours, from his men That is within the orders and hands of his enemies, Who caught him and killed in cold-blood, Alas! Gone, all his belongings, gone to his enemies! Oh my God, Strange, the time-change, That no one knows where and when that would Fall down, your verdicts and orders!

Let these women live in peace and happiness,
As they were here, once, in their own circle,
With the same pride and prestige,
With no contempt of their own, nor they be
Ridiculed by their old friends and relatives
For accompanying Gaddafi, on his orders, in those days,
Not knowing the real meaning of life and power.
See, I too love the fragrance, my dear men
The sweet scented flowers and girls, as you love it
Created and brought them up, for us, to be loved,

Good, make this whole world fragrant for all, Knowing the fact, it would decay, once, Even if it's a scented flower, and the foul smell Would follow each fragrance, the very next day itself, If not served carefully, lively, clean and healthy. The natural process of bacteria, going on working To make it decayed and dissolved along with our body, Changing the fragrance in to an unbearable foul smell To keep on the true nature of life of the next genera, To be preserved, reviving the law of conservation.

Oh God, I will never say,
'You are late', anymore in my life
To award the deserving rewards to the needy,
You proved it, sending a man of fragrance
To a very dirty drainage pipe,
The actual finishing point, you allot everyone,
As they deserve, as per the chest-number,
And performance of each one, that they presented
To make him realize, creating the fragrance,
Even from the mud and filth, as our lotus and lily do.

But a man can never grow, if plunged into mud, Unless and otherwise, he keeps his head, Upright over the mud, although the legs, rooted in mud. And his hands stretching forward to serve. The fragrance, created by worthy deeds, that smell good; And not with force of day-dreams, rooted in mud That may empower the cap But not the head, with mercy; Let us return to the muddy placenta, as destined Where from we came to this rosy cosy, bed of nature.

Gaddafi, continued to live in his muddy thoughts, Creating no flowers nor buds for others; As the reports reveal the whole events, the trial and its end, Excoriated and tortured by his enemies, Gaddafi, the mighty king, weeps, blood stained, in TV, As he left others, feared and wept, while he was with power And now, the poor man, left his power and sword, That makes us recall the challenging third law of motion, That Isaac Newton found 'the equal and opposite reaction, For every action, that we do' so far, in our day to day life...

C.P. RAJASEKHARAN

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